# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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## THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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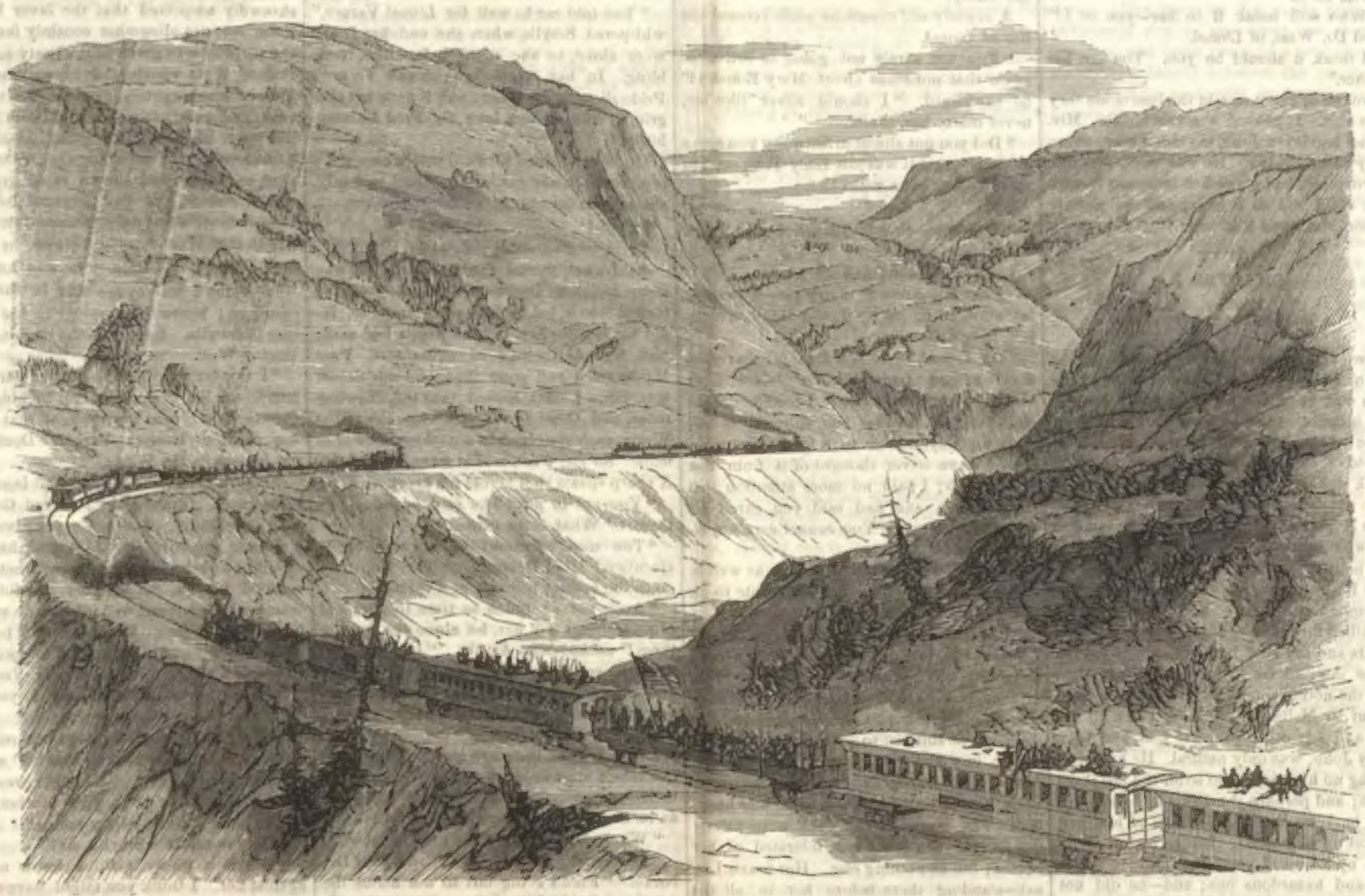

GEN. ANGER'S BRIGADE PASSING THROUGH "MANASSAS GAP," EN ROUTE TO REINFORCE GEN. BANKS.

The above, engraved expressly for The Post from a sketch in the Illustrated News, affords a view of a place very frequently alluded to during the last year, Manassas Gap. The artist has chosen a point of the road that presents unusual natural beauties, for which indeed the whole of this portion of Virginia, especially Prince William county, is noted. The brigade of Gen. Anger, which is here represented in process of transportation, reached Gen. Banks's army in time to render good and efficient service.

## THE BRIDE'S SISTER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY EDWARD C. PFIERD.

Sister! dear sister! blame me not,
Although thy path be strewn with flowers,
Should memory o'er our former lot
Rush like a dream of happier hours.

Happier for me; the bridal wreath
Already decks thy fair young brow—
Oh, that no thorn may lurk beneath
To chill thy spirit's fervent glow!

Sister! oh, bear awhile these tears,
They from my heart's deep fountain flow,
Whilst springing through the lapse of years
The flowers of memory sweetly blow.

I see that beauteous woodland where,
As sunset deck'd the flowers at even,
Our little hands were joined in prayer,
And our young hearts to God were given.

And more than this; oft as the shade
Of the chaste moonbeam sweetly stole,
Our sire his hands upon us laid,
To bless, ere slumber wrapt the soul.

And where as we together slept,
In innocent and artless bliss,
Our doating mother fondly stept
To shield us with her parting kiss.

Sister! oh, blame me not; those hours
Will come across life's gloomy tide;
I cannot call Spring's sweetest flowers
When thou art severed from my side.

New thoughts within my heart will spring!
In childhood's grave young feelings sleep;—
My heart is sad—I cannot sing;
Therefore, sweet sister, let me weep.

*Cincinnati, July, 1862.*

## VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

Author of "The Channings," "East Lynne," "The Earl's Heirs," "A Life's Secret," Etc.


[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1859, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]


### CHAPTER IX.

DR. WEST'S HOME.

The house of Dr. West was already lighted up. Gas at its front door, gas at its surgery door, gas inside its windows; no habitation in the place was ever so extensively lighted as Dr. West's. The house was enclosed with iron railings, and on its side—detached—was the surgery. A very low place, this surgery; you had to go down a step or two, and then plunge into a low door. In the time of the last tenant it had been used as a garden-tool house. It was a tolerably large room, and and had a tolerably small window, which was in front, next the door. A counter ran along the room at the back, and a table, covered with miscellaneous articles, stood on the right. Shelves were ranged completely round the room aloft, and a pair of steps, used for getting down the jars and bottles, rested in a corner. There was another room behind it, used exclusively by Dr. West.

Seated on the counter, pounding desperately away at something in a mortar, as if his life depended on it, was a peculiar-looking gentleman in shirt-sleeves. Very tall, very thin, with legs and arms that bore the appearance of being too long even for his tall body, great hands and feet, a thin face, dark and red, a thin aquiline nose, black hair, and black prominent eyes that seemed to be always on the stare, there sat he, his legs dangling and his fingers working. A straightforward, honest, simple fellow looked he, all utility and practicalness—if there is such a word. One, plain in all ways.

It was Janus Verner; never, in the memory of anybody, called anything but "Jan;" second and youngest son of Lady Verner, brother to Lionel. *His* brother to courtly Lionel, to stately Decima, son to refined Lady Verner? He certainly was; though Lady Verner in her cross moods would declare that Jan must have been changed at nurse—an assertion without foundation, since he had been nursed at home under her own eye. Never in his life had he been called anything but Jan; address him as Janus, or as Mr. Verner, and it may be questioned if Jan would have answered to it. People called him "droll," and, if to be of plain, unvarnished manners and speech was droll, Jan decidedly was so. Some said Jan was a fool, some said he was a bear. Lady Verner did not accord him any great amount of favor herself. She had tried to make Jan what she called a gentleman, to beat into him suavity, gracefulness, tact, gloss of speech and bearing; something between a Lord Chesterfield and a Sir Roger de Coverley, and she had been obliged to give it up as a hopeless job. Jan was utterly irreclaimable; Nature had made him plain and straightforward, and so he remained. But there was many as one that the world would bow down to as a model, whose intrinsic worth was poor, compared to unoffending Jan's. Lady Verner would tell Jan he was undutiful. Jan tried to be as dutiful to her as ever he could; but he *could not* change his ungainly person, his awkward manner. As well try to wash a negro white.

Lady Verner had proposed that Jan should go into the army. Jan (plain spoken as a boy, as he was now) had responded that he'd rather not go out to be shot at. What was she to do with him? Lady Verner peevishly asked; she had no money, and she would take care Jan was not helped from Mr. Verner. To make him a barrister, or a clergymen, or a member of Parliament (it was what Lady Verner said,) would cost vast sums of money; a commission could be obtained for him gratis, in consideration of his father's services.

"Make me an apothecary," said Jan.

"An apothecary!" echoed Lady Verner, aghast. "That's not a gentleman's calling."

Jan opened his great eyes. Had he taken a liking for carpentering, he would have deemed it gentlemanly enough for him.

"What on earth has put an apothecary's business into your head?" cried Lady Verner.

"I should like the pounding," replied Jan.

"The pounding!" reiterated Lady Verner, in astonishment.

"I should like it altogether," concluded Jan. "I wish you'd let me go apprentice to Dr. West."

Jan held to his liking. In due course of time he was apprenticed to Dr. West, and pounded away to his heart's content. Thence he went to London to walk the hospitals, and completed his studies in Paris. It was at the latter period that the accident happened to Jan which called Lionel to Paris. Jan was knocked down by a carriage in the street, his leg broken, and he was otherwise injured. Time and skill cured him. Time and perseverance completed his studies, and Jan became a licensed surgeon of no mean skill. He returned to Deerham, and was engaged as assistant to Dr. West. No very ambitious position, but "it's good enough for Jan," slightingly said Lady Verner. Jan probably thought the same, or he would have sought a better. He was four-and-twenty now. Dr. West was a general practitioner, holding an Edinburg degree only. There was plenty to do in Deerham and its neighborhood, what with the rich and what with the poor. Dr. West chiefly attended the rich himself, and left Jan to take care of the poor. It was all one to Jan.

Jan sat on the counter in the surgery, pounding and pounding. He had just come in from his visit to Deerham Court, summoned thither by the slight accident to his sister Decima. Leaning his two elbows on the counter, and his pale puffy cheeks on his hands, intently watching Jan with his light eyes, was a young gentleman of sixteen, with an apron tied round his waist. This was Master Cheese, an apprentice, as Jan once had been. In point of fact, the pounding now was Master Cheese's proper work, but he was fat and lazy, and so sure as Jan came into the surgery, so sure would young Cheese begin to grunt and groan, and vow that his arms were "knocked off" with the work. Jan, in his indolent manner,—and in motion and manner Jan appeared intensely indolent, as if there was no hurry in him; he would bring his words, too, out indolently,—would lift the pounding machine aloft, sit himself down on the counter, and complete the work.

"I say," said young Cheese, watching the progress of the pestle with satisfaction, "Dame Dawson has been here."

"What did she want?" asked Jan.

"Bad in her inside," she says. "I gave her three good doses of jalap."

"Jalap!" echoed Jan. "Well, it won't do her much harm. She won't take 'em; she'll throw 'em away."

"Law, Jan!" For, in the private familiarity of the surgery, young Cheese was thus accustomed unceremoniously to address his master—as Jan was. And Jan allowed it with composure.

"She'll throw 'em away," repeated Jan. "There's not a worse lot for physic in all the parish than Dame Dawson. I know her of old. She thought she'd get peppermint and cordials ordered for her; an excuse for running up a score at the public house. Where's the doctor?"

"He's off somewhere. I saw one of the Bitterworth grooms come to the house this afternoon, so perhaps something's wrong there. I say, Jan, there'll be a stunning pie for supper!"

"Have you seen it?"

"Haven't I! I went into the kitchen when she was making it. It has got a hare inside it, and forcemeat balls."

"Who?" asked Jan—alluding to the maker.

"Miss Deb," replied young Cheese. "It's sure to be something extra good, for her to go and make it. If she doesn't help me to a rare good serving, shan't I look black at her?"

"It mayn't be for supper," debated Jan.

"Cook said it was. I asked her. She thought somebody was coming. I say, Jan, if you miss any of the castor oil, don't go and say I drank it."

Jan lifted his eyes to a shelf opposite, where various glass bottles stood. Among them was the one containing the castor oil. "Who has been at it?"

"Miss Amilly." She came and filled that great fat glass pot of hers, with her own hands; and she made me drop in some essence of cloves to scent it. Won't her hair smell of it to-night!"

"They'll make castor oil scarce, if they go at it like that," said Jan, indifferently.

"They use about a quart a month; I know they do; the three of 'em together," exclaimed young Cheese, as vehemently as if the loss of the castor oil was personal. "How their nightcaps must be greased!"

"Sibylla doesn't use it," said Jan.

"Doesn't she, though!" retorted young Cheese with acrimony. "She uses many things on the sly that she pretends not to use. She's as vain as a peacock. Did you hear about—"

Master Cheese cut his question short: coming in at the surgery door was Lionel Verner.

"Well, Jan! What about Decima? After waiting ages at the Court for you to come down stairs and report, I found you were gone."

"It's a twist," said Jan. "It will be all right in a few days. How's Uncle Stephen to-day?"

"Just the same. Are the young ladies in?"

"Go and see," said Jan. "I know nothing about 'em."

"Yes, they are in, sir," interrupted Master Cheese. "They have not been out all the afternoon, for a wonder."

Lionel left the surgery, stepped round to the front door, and entered the house.

In a square, moderate sized drawing-room, with tasty things scattered about it to catch the eye, stood a young lady, figuring off before the chimney glass. Had you looked critically into the substantial furniture you might have found it old and poor: of a different class from the valuable furniture at Verner's Pride, widely different from the light, elegant furniture at Lady Verner's. But, what with white anti-macassars, many-colored mats on which reposed pretty ornaments, glasses and vases of flowers, and other trifles, the room looked well enough for anything. In like manner, had you, with the same critical eye, scanned the young lady, you would have found that of real beauty she possessed little. A small pretty doll's face, with blue eyes and gold-colored ringlets; a round face, betraying nothing very great or good, or intellectual; only something fascinating and pretty. Her chief beauty lay in her complexion: by candle-light it was radiantly lovely, a pure red and white, looking like wax-work. A pretty, graceful girl she looked; and, what with her fascinations of person, of dress, and of manner, all of which she perfectly well knew how to display, she had contrived to lead more than one heart captive, and to hold it in fast chains.

The light of the gas chandelier shone on her now; on her blue gauzy dress, set off with ribbons, on her sleepy blue eyes, on her rose-colored cheeks. She was figuring off before the glass, I say, twisting her ringlets round her fingers, and putting them in various positions to try the effect: her employment, her looks, her manner, all indicating the very essence of vanity. The opening of the door caused her to turn her head, and she shook her ringlets into their proper place, and dropped her hands by her side, at the entrance of Lionel Verner.

"Oh, Lionel! is it you?" said she, with as much composure as if she had not been caught gazing at herself. "I was looking at this," pointing to an inverted tumbler on the mantle-piece. "Is it not strange that we should see a moth at this cold season?—Amilly found it this afternoon on the geraniums."

Lionel Verner advanced and bent his head to look at the pretty speckled moth, reposing so still on its green leaf. Did he see through the artifice? Did he suspect that the young lady had been admiring her own pretty face, and not the moth? Not he. Lionel's whole heart had long ago been given to that vain butterfly, Sibylla West, who was gay and fluttering, and really of little more use in life than the moth. How was it that he had suffered himself to love *her*? Suffered! Love plays strange tricks, and it has fooled many a man as it was fooling Lionel Verner.

And what of Sibylla? Sibylla did not love him. The two ruling passions of her heart were vanity and ambition. To be sometime the mistress of Verner's Pride was a very vista of desire, and therefore she encouraged Lionel. She did not encourage him very much; she was rather in the habit of playing fast and loose with him; but that only served to rivet tighter the links of his chain. All the love—such as it was!—that Sibylla West was capable of giving, was in possession of Frederick Massingbird. Strange tricks again! It was scarcely credible that one should fall in love with *him* by the side of attractive Lionel; but so it had been. Sibylla loved Frederick Massingbird for himself, she liked Lionel because he was the heir to Verner's Pride, and she had managed to keep both her slaves.

Lionel had never spoken of his love. He knew that his marriage with Sibylla West would be so utterly distasteful to Mr. Verner, that he was content to wait. He knew that Sibylla could not mistake him—could not mistake what his feelings were; and he believed that she also was content to wait until he should be his own master and at liberty to ask for her. When that time should come, what did she intend to do with Frederick Massingbird, who made no secret to *her* that he loved her and expected to make her his wife? Sibylla did not know; she did not much care; she was of a careless nature, and allowed the future to take its chance.

The only person who had penetrated to the secret of her love for Frederick Massingbird was her father, Dr. West.

"Don't be a simpleton, child, and bind yourself with your eyes bandaged," he abruptly and laconically said to her one day. "When Verner's Pride falls in, then marry whoever is its master."

"Lionel will be its master for certain, will he not?" she answered, startled out of the words.

"We don't know who will be its master," was Dr. West's rejoinder. "Don't play the simpleton, I say, Sibylla, by entangling yourself with your cousin Fred."

Dr. West was one who possessed an eye to the main chance, and, had Lionel Verner been, beyond contingency, "certain of Verner's Pride," there is little doubt but he would have brought him to book at once, by demanding his intentions with regard to Sibylla. There were very few persons in Deerham, but deemed Lionel as indisputably certain of Verner's Pride as though he were already in possession of it. Dr. West was probably an unusually cautious man.

"It is singular," observed Lionel, looking at the moth. "The day has been sunshiny, but far too cold to call these moths into life. At least, according to my belief; but I am not learned in entomology."

"Ento—, what a hard word!" cried Sibylla, in her prettily affected manner. "I should never find out how to spell it."

Lionel smiled. His deep love was shining out of his eyes as he looked down upon her. He loved her powerfully, deeply, passionately; to him she was as a very angel, and he believed her to be pure souled, honest-hearted, single-minded as one.

"Where did my aunt go to to-day?" inquired Sibylla, alluding to Mrs. Verner.

"She did not go out at all that I am aware of," he answered.

"I saw the carriage out this afternoon."

"It was going to the station for Miss Tempest."

"Oh! she's come, then? Have you seen her? What sort of a demoiselle does she seem?"

"The sweetest child!—she looks little more than a child!" cried Lionel, impulsively.

"A child, is she? I had an idea she was grown up. Have any of you at Verner's Pride heard from John?"

"No."

"But the mail's in, is it not? How strange that he does not write!"

"He may be coming home with his gold," said Lionel.

They were interrupted. First of all came in the tea-things—for at Dr. West's the dinner-hour was early—and, next, two young ladies, bearing a great resemblance to each other. It would give them dire offence not to call them young. They were really not very much past thirty, but they were of that class of women who age rapidly; their hair was sadly thin, some of their teeth had gone, and they had thin flushed faces and large twisted noses; but their blue eyes had a good-natured look in them. Little in person, rather bending forward as they walked, and dressing youthfully, they yet looked older

than they really were. Their light brown hair was worn in short straggling ringlets in front, and twisted up with a comb behind. Once upon a time that hair was long and tolerably thick, but it had gradually and spitefully worn down to what it was now. The Miss Wests were proud of it still, however; as may be inferred by the disappearance of the castor oil. A short while back, somebody had recommended to them castor oil as the best specific for bringing on departed hair. They were inoffensive in mind and manners, rather simple, somewhat affected and very vain, quarrelling with no person under the sun, except Sibylla. Sibylla was the plague of their lives. So many years younger than they, they had petted her and indulged her as a child, until at length the child became their mistress. Sibylla was rude and ungrateful, would cast scornful words at them and call them "old maids," with other reproachful terms. There was open warfare between them: but in their hearts they loved Sibylla still. They had been named respectively Deborah and Amilly. The latter name had been intended Amelie; but by some mistake of the parents or of the clergyman, none of them French scholars, Amilly, the child was christened and registered. It remained a joke against Amilly to this day.

"Sibylla!" exclaimed Deborah, somewhat in surprise, as she shook hands with Lionel, "I thought you had gone to Verner's Pride."

"Nobody came for me. It got dusk, and I did not care to go alone," replied Sibylla.

"Did you think of going to Verner's Pride this evening, Sibylla?" asked Lionel. "Let me take you now. We shall be just in time for dinner. I'll bring you back this evening."

"I don't know," hesitated Sibylla. The truth was, she had expected Frederick Massingbird to come for her. "I—think—I'll—go," she slowly said, apparently balancing some point in her mind.

"If you do go, you should make haste and put your things on," suggested Miss Amilly. And Sibylla acquiesced, and left the room.

"Has Mr. Jan been told that the tea's ready, I wonder?" cried Deborah.

Mr. Jan apparently had been told, for he entered as she was speaking; and Master Cheese—his apron off and his hair brushed—with him. Master Cheese cast an inquisitive look at the tea table, hoping he should see something tempting upon it; eating good things forming the pleasantest portion of that young gentleman's life.

"Take this seat, Mr. Jan," said Miss Amilly, drawing a chair forward next her own. "Master Cheese, have the kindness to move a little round: Mr. Jan can't see the fire if you sit there."

"I don't want to see it," said literal Jan. "I'm not cold." And Master Cheese took the opportunity the words gave, to remain where he was. He liked to sit in the warmth, with his back to the fire.

"I cannot think where papa is," said Miss Deborah. "Mr. Lionel, is it of any use asking you to take a cup of tea?"

"Thank you, I am going home to dinner," replied Lionel. "Dr. West is coming in now," he added, perceiving that gentleman's approach from the window.

"Miss Amilly," asked Jan, "have you been at the castor oil?"

Poor Miss Amilly turned all the colors of the rainbow; if she had one weakness, it was upon the subject of her diminishing locks. While Cheese growing red also, administered to Jan sundry kicks under the table, as an intimation that he should have kept counsel. "I—took—just a little drop, Mr. Jan," said she. "What's the dose, if you please? Is it one tea-spoonful or two?"

"It depends upon the age," said Jan, "if you mean taken inwardly. For you it would be—I say, Cheese, what are you kicking at?"

Cheese began to stammer something about the leg of the table; but the subject was interrupted by the entrance of Sibylla. Lionel wished them good evening, and went out with her. Outside the room door they encountered Dr. West.

"Where are you going, Sibylla?" he asked, almost sharply, as his glance fell upon his daughter and Lionel.

"To Verner's Pride."

"Go and take your things off. You cannot go to Verner's Pride this evening."

"But, papa, why?" inquired Sibylla, feeling that she should like to turn restive.

"I have my reasons for it. You will know them later. Now go and take your things off without another word."

Sibylla dared not openly dispute the will of her father, neither would she essay to do it before Lionel Verner. She turned somewhat unwillingly towards the staircase, and Dr. West opened the drawing-room door, signing to Lionel to wait.

"Deborah, I am going out. Don't keep the tea. Mr. Jan, should I be summoned anywhere, you'd attend for me. I don't know when I shall be home."

"All right," called out Jan. And Dr. West went out with Lionel Verner.

"I am going to Verner's Pride," he said, taking Lionel's arm as soon as they were in the street. "There's news come from Australia. John Massingbird's dead."

The announcement was made so abruptly, with so little circumlocution or preparation, that Lionel Verner failed at the first moment to take in the full meaning of the words—"John Massingbird dead?" he mechanically asked.

"He is dead. It's a sad tale. He had the gold about him, a great quantity of it, bringing it down to Melbourne, and he was killed on the road: murdered for the sake of the gold."

"How have you heard it?" demanded Lionel.

"I met Roy just now," replied Dr. West. "He stopped me, saying he had heard from his son by this afternoon's post; that there was bad news in the letter, and he supposed he must go to Verner's Pride, and break it to them. He gave me the letter, and I undertook to carry the tidings to Mrs. Verner."

"It is awfully sudden," said Lionel. "By mail, two months ago, he wrote himself to us, in the highest spirits. And now—dead!"

"Life over there, is not worth a month's purchase just now," remarked Dr. West; and Lionel could but note that had he been discussing the death of a total stranger, instead of a nephew, he could only have spoken in the same indifferent, matter-of-fact tone. "By all accounts, society is in a strange state there," he continued; "ruffians lying in wait ever for prey. The men have been taken, and the gold found upon them, Luke writes."

"That's good, so far," said Lionel.

When they reached Verner's Pride, they found that a letter was waiting for Frederick Massingbird, who had not been home since he left the house early in the afternoon. The superscription was in the same handwriting as the letter Dr. West had brought—Luke Roy's. There could be no doubt that it was only a confirmation of the tidings.

Mrs Verner was in the drawing room alone, Tynn said, ready to go to dinner, and rather cross that Mr. Lionel should keep her waiting for it.

"Who will break it to her—you or I?" asked Dr. West, of Lionel.

"I think it should be you. You are her brother."

Broken to her it was, in the best mode they were able. It proved a severe shock. Mrs. Verner had loved John, her eldest born, above every earthly thing. He was wild, random, improvident, had given her incessant trouble as a child and as a man; and so, mother fashion, she loved him best.

## CHAPTER X.

### A CONTEMPLATED VOYAGE.

Frederick Massingbird sat perched on the gate of a ploughed field, softly whistling. His brain was busy, and he was holding counsel with himself, under the gray February skies. Three weeks had gone by since the tidings arrived of the death of his brother, and Frederick was deliberating whether he should, or should not, go out. His own letter from Luke Roy had been in substance the same as that which Luke had written to his father. It was neither more explanatory, nor less so. Luke Roy was not a first-hand at epistolary correspondence. John had been attacked and killed for the sake of his gold, and the attackers and the gold had been taken hold of by the law; so far it said, and no further. That the notion should occur to Frederick to go out to Melbourne, and lay claim to the gold and any other property that had been left by John, was only natural. He had been making up his mind to do so for the last three weeks; and perhaps the vision of essaying a little business in the gold-fields on his own account urged him on. But he had not fully made up his mind yet. The journey was a long and hazardous one; and—he did not care to leave Sibylla.

"To be, or not to be?" soliloquised he, from his seat on the gate, as he plucked thin branches off from the bare winter hedge, and scattered them. "Old step-father's wiry yet, he may last an age, and this is getting a horrid humdrum life. I wonder what he'll leave me, when he does go off. Mother said one day she thought it wouldn't be more than five hundred pounds. *She* doesn't know: he does not tell her about his private affairs—never has told her. Five hundred pounds! If he left me a paltry sum like that, I'd fling it in the heir's face—Master Lionel's."

He put a piece of the thorn into his mouth, bit it up, spit it out again, and went on with his soliloquy.

"I had better go. Why—if nothing, to speak of, does come to me from Verner, this money of John's would be a perfect windfall. I must not lose the chance of it—and lose it I should, unless I go out and see after it. No, it would never do. I'll go. It's hard to say how much he has left, poor fellow. Thousands—if one may judge by his letters—besides this great nugget that they killed him for, the villains! Yes, I'll go—that's settled. And now, to try and get Sibylla. She'll accompany me fast enough—at least, I fancy she would—but there's that old West. I may have a battle over it with him."

He flung away what remained in his hand of the sticks, leaped off the gate, and bent his steps hastily in the direction of Deerham. Could he be going, there and then, to Dr. West's, to try his fate with Sibylla? Very probably. Frederick Massingbird liked to deliberate well when making up his mind to a step; but, that once done, he was wont to lose no time in carrying it out.

On this same afternoon, and just about the same hour, Lionel Verner was strolling through Deerham on his way to pay a visit to his mother. Close at the door he encountered Decima—well now—and Miss Tempest, who were going out. None would have believed Lionel and Decima to be brother and sister, judging by their attire—he wore deep mourning, she had not a shred of mourning about her. Lady Verner, in her prejudice against Verner's Pride, had neither put on mourning herself for John Massingbird, nor allowed Decima to put it on. Lionel was turning with them; but Lady Verner, who had seen him from the window, sent a servant to desire him to come to her.

"Is it anything particular, mother?" he hastily inquired. "I am going with Decima and Lucy."

"It is so far particular, Lionel, that I wish you to stay with me, instead of going with them," answered Lady Verner. "I fancy you are getting rather fond of being with Lucy, and—and—in short, it won't do."

Lionel, in his excessive astonishment, could only stare at his mother.

"Whatever do you mean?" he asked. "Lucy Tempest! What won't do?"

"You are beginning to pay Lucy Tempest particular attention," said Lady Verner, unscrewing the silver stopper of her essence bottle, and applying some to her forehead. "I will not permit it, Lionel."

Lionel could not avoid laughing.

"What can have put such a thing in your head, mother, I am at a loss to conceive. Certainly nothing in my conduct has induced it. I have talked to Lucy as a child, more than as anything else; I have scarcely thought of her but as one—"

"Lucy is not a child," interrupted Lady Verner.

"In years I find she is not. When I first saw her at the railway station, I thought she was a child, and the impression somehow remains upon my mind. Too often I talk to her as one. As to anything else—were I to marry to morrow, it is not Lucy Tempest I should make my wife."

The first glad look that Lionel had seen on Lady Verner's face for many a day came over it then. In her own mind she had been weaving a pretty little romance for Lionel; and it was her dread, lest that romance should be interfered with, which had called up her fears, touching Lucy Tempest.

"My darling Lionel, you know where you might go and choose a wife," she said. "I have long wished that you would do it. Beauty, rank, wealth,—you may win them for the asking."

A slightly self conscious smile crossed the lips of Lionel.

"You are surely not going to introduce again that nonsense about Mary Elmsley!" he exclaimed. "I should never like her, never marry her, therefore—"

"Did you not allude to *her* when you spoke but now—that it was not Lucy Tempest you should make your wife?"

"No."

"To whom, then? Lionel, I must know it."

Lionel's cheek flushed scarlet.

"I am not going to marry yet—I have no intention of it. Why should this conversation have arisen?"

"Oh, Lionel, there is a dreadful fear upon me!" gasped Lady Verner. "Not Lady Mary!" Some one else! I remember Decima said one day that you appeared to care more for Sibylla West than for her, your sister. I have never thought of it from that hour to this; I paid no more attention to it than though she had said you cared for my maid Therese. You *cannot* care for Sibylla West!"

Lionel had high notions of duty as well as of honor, and he would not equivocate to his mother.

"I do care very much for Sibylla West," he said, in a low tone; "and, please God, I hope she will sometime be my wife. But, mother, this confidence is entirely between ourselves. I beg you not to speak of it; it must not be suffered to get abroad."

The one short sentence of avowal over, Lionel might as well have talked to the moon. Lady Verner heard him not. She was horrified. The Wests in her eyes were utterly despicable. Dr. West was tolerated *as* her doctor; but as nothing else. Her brave Lionel—standing there before her in all the pride of his strength and his beauty—*he* sacrifice himself to Sibylla West! Of the two, Therese would have been the less dreadful to the mind of Lady Verner.

A quarrel ensued. Stay—that's a wrong word. It was not a quarrel, for Lady Verner had all the talking, and Lionel would not respond angrily; he kept his lips pressed together lest he should. Never had Lady Verner been moved to make such a scene: she reproached, she sobbed, she entreated. And, in the midst of it, in walked Decima and Lucy Tempest.

Lady Verner for once forgot herself. She forgot that Lucy was a stranger; she forgot the request of Lionel for silence; and upon Decima's asking what was amiss, she told all. That Lionel loved Sibylla West, and meant to marry her.

Decima was too shocked to speak. Lucy turned and looked at Lionel, a pleasant smile shining in her eyes.

"She is very pretty; very, very pretty; I never saw any one prettier."

"Thank you, Lucy," he cordially said: and it was the first time he had called her Lucy.

Decima went up to her brother.

"Lionel, *must* it be? I do not like her."

"Decima, I fear that you and my mother are both prejudiced," he somewhat haughtily answered. And there he stopped. In turning his eyes towards his mother as he spoke of her, he saw that she had fainted away.

Jan was sent for in all haste. Dr. West was Lady Verner's medical adviser; but a feeling in Decima's heart at the moment prevented her summoning *him*. Jan arrived, on the run: the servant had told him she was not sure but her lady was dying.

Lady Verner had revived then; was better—and was re-entering upon the grievance which had so affected her.

"What could it have been?" wondered Jan, who knew his mother was not subject to fainting fits.

"Ask your brother there what it was," resentfully spoke Lady Verner. "He told me he was going to marry Sibylla West."

"Law!" uttered Jan.

Lionel stood; haughty, impassive; his lips curling, his figure drawn to its full height.—He would not reproach his mother by so much as a word, but the course she was taking, in thus proclaiming his affairs to the world, hurt him in no measured degree.

"I don't like her," said Jan. "Deborah and Amilly are not much, but I'd rather have the two than Sibylla."

"Jan," said Lionel, suppressing his temper, "*your* opinion was not asked."

Jan sat down on the arm of the sofa, his great legs dangling.

"Sibylla can't marry two," said he.

"Will you be quiet, Jan," said Lionel. "You have no right to interfere. You shall not interfere."

"Gracious, Lionel, I don't want to interfere,' returned Jan, simply. "Sibylla's going to marry Fred Massingbird."

"Will you be quiet?" reiterated Lionel, his brow flushing scarlet.

"I'll be quiet," said Jan, with composure. "You can go and ask her for yourself. It has all been settled this afternoon; not ten minutes ago. Fred's going out to Australia, and Sibylla's going with him, and Deborah and Amilly are crying their eyes out, at the thought of parting with her."

Lady Verner looked up at Jan, an expression of eager hope on her face. She could have kissed him a thousand times. Lionel—Lionel took his hat and walked out.

Believing it? No. The temptation to chastise Jan was growing great, and he deemed it well to remove himself out of it.—Jan was right, however.

Much to the surprise of Frederick Massingbird, very much to the surprise of Sibylla, Dr. West not only gave his consent to the marriage as soon as asked, but urged it on.—If Fred must depart in a week, why they could be married in a week, he said. Sibylla was thunderstruck: Miss Deborah and Miss Amilly gave vent to a few hysterical shrieks, and hinted about the wedding clothes and the outfit. *That* could be got together in a day, was the reply of Dr. West, and they were too much astonished to venture to say it could not.

"You told me to wait for Lionel Verner," whispered Sibylla when she and her father were alone, as she stood before him, trembling. In her mind's eye she saw Verner's Pride slipping from her: and it gave her chagrin, in spite of her love for Fred Massingbird.

Dr. West leaned forward and whispered a few words in her ear. She started violently, she colored crimson.

"Papa!"

"It is true," nodded the doctor.

As Lionel passed the house on his way from Deerham Court to Verner's Pride, he turned into it, led by a powerful impulse. He did not believe Jan, but the words had made him feel twitchings of uneasiness. Fred Massingbird had gone then, and the doctor was out. Lionel looked into the drawing-room, and there found the two elder Miss Wests, each dissolved in a copious shower of tears. So far, Jan's words were borne out. A sharp spasm shot across his heart.

"You are in grief," he said, advancing to them. "What is the cause?"

"The most dreadful voyage for her!" ejaculated Miss Deborah. "The ship may go to the bottom before it gets there."

"And not so much as time to *think* of proper things for her, let alone the getting them!" sobbed Miss Amilly. "It's all a confused mass in my mind together: bonnets and gowns and veils and wreaths and trunks and petticoats and calico things for the voyage!"

Lionel felt his lips grow pale. They were too much engrossed to notice him; nevertheless, he covered his face with his hand as he stood by the mantelpiece.

"Where is she going?" he quietly asked.

"To Melbourne with Fred," said Miss Deborah. "Fred's going out to see about the money and gold John left, and to realize it. They are not to stay; it will only be the voyage out and home. But, if she should be taken ill out there, and die! Her sisters die, Mr. Lionel. Fred is her cousin, too.—Better have married one not of kin."

They talked on. Lionel heard them not. After the revelation that she was about to marry, all else seemed a chaos. But he was one who could control his feelings.

"I must be going" said he, quietly, moving from his standing-place with calmness.—"Good day to you."

He shook hands with them both, amidst a great accession of sobs, and quitted the room. Running down the stairs at that moment, singing gaily a scrap of a merry song, came Sibylla, unconscious of his vicinity; indeed, of his presence in the house. She started when she saw him, and stopped in hesitation.

Lionel threw open the door of the empty dining room, caught her arm and drew her into it; his bearing haughty, his gestures imperative. There they stood before each other, neither speaking for some moments. Lionel's very lips were livid, and *her* rich wax-work color went and came, and her light blue eyes fell under the stern gaze of his.

"Is this true, which I have been obliged to hear?" was his first question.

She knew that she had acted ill. She knew that Lionel Verner deserved to have a better part played by him. She had always looked up to him—all the Wests had—as one superior in birth, rank, and station to herself. Altogether, the moment brought to her a great amount of shame and confusion.

"Answer me one question; I demand it of you," reiterated Lionel. "Have you ever mistaken my sentiments towards you in the least degree?"

"How—I—I don't know," she faltered.

"No equivocation," burst forth Lionel.—"Have you not *known* that I loved you?—That I was only waiting my uncle's death to make you my wife? Heaven forgive me that I should thus speak as though I had built upon it!"

Sibylla let fall some tears.

"Which have you loved?—all this while! Me?—or him?"

"Oh, don't speak to me like that!" sobbed Sibylla. "He asked me to marry him, and—and—papa said yes."

"I ask you," said Lionel, in a low voice, "which is it that you love?"

She did not answer. She stood before him the prettiest picture of distress imaginable; her hands clasped, her large blue eyes filled with tears, her shower of golden hair shading her burning cheeks.

"If you have been surprised or terrified into this engagement, loving him not, will you give him up for me?" tenderly whispered Lionel. "Now—you understand—if your love be his. In that case, I would not ask it. But, without reference to myself at all, I doubt—and I have my reasons for it—if Frederick Massingbird be worthy of you."

Was she wavering in her own mind? She stole a glance upward—at his tall, fine form, his attractive face, its lineaments showing out, in that moment, all the pride of the Verners. A pride that mingled with love.

Lionel bent to her:

"Sibylla, if you love him, I have no more to say; if you love me, avow it, as I will then avow my love, my intentions, in the face of day. Reflect before you speak. It is a solemn moment—a moment which holds alike my destiny and yours in its hands."

A rush of blood to her heart; a rush of moisture to her forehead, for Sibylla West was not wholly without feeling, and she knew, as Lionel said, that it was a decision fraught with grave destiny. But Frederick Massingbird was more to her than he was.

"I have given my promise—I cannot go from it," was her scarcely breathed answer.

"May your falsity never come home to you!" broke from Lionel, in the bitterness of his anguish. And he strode from the room without another word or look, and quitted the house.

Deerham could not believe the news. Verner's Pride could not believe it. Nobody believed it, save Lady Verner, and she was only too thankful to believe it and hug it.—There was nothing surprising in Sibylla's marrying her Cousin Fred, for many had shrewdly suspected that the favor between them was not altogether cousinly favor; but the surprise was given to the hasty marriage. Doctor West vouchsafed an explanation.—Two of his daughters, aged respectively one year, and two years younger than Amilly, had each died of consumption, as all Deerham knew. On attaining her twenty fifth year, each one had shown rapid symptoms of the disease, and had lingered but a few weeks. Sibylla was only one-and-twenty yet; but Doctor West fancied he saw, or said he saw, grounds for fear. It was known of what value a sea-voyage was in these constitutions; hence his consent to the departure of Sibylla. Such was the explanation of Doctor West.

"I wonder whether the stated 'fear of consumption' has been called up by himself for the occasion?" was the thought that crossed the mind of Decima Verner. Decima did not believe in Dr. West.

Verner's Pride, like the rest, had been taken by surprise. Mrs. Verner received the news with equanimity. She had never given Fred a tithe of the love that John had had, and she did not seem much to care whether he married Sibylla, or whether he did not—whether he went out to Australia or whether he stayed at home. Frederick told her of it in a very off hand manner: but he took pains to bespeak the approbation of Mr. Verner.

"I hope my choice is pleasant to you, sir? That you will cordially sanction it."

"Whether it is pleasant to me or not, I have no right to say it shall not be," was the reply of Mr. Verner. "I have never interfered with you, or with your brother, since you became inmates of my house."

"Do you not like Sibylla, sir?"

"She is a pretty girl. I know nothing against her. I think you might have chosen worse."

Coldly, very coldly, were the words delivered; and there was a strangely keen expression of anguish on Mr. Verner's face: but that was nothing unusual now. Frederick Massingbird was content to accept the words as a sanction of approval.

A few words—I don't mean angry ones—passed between him and Lionel on the night before the wedding. Lionel had not condescended to speak to Frederick Massingbird upon the subject at all: Sibylla had refused him, for the other, of her own free will; and there he let it rest. But the evening previous to the marriage day, Lionel appeared strangely troubled; indecisive, anxious, as if he were debating some question with himself. Suddenly he went straight up to Frederick Massingbird's chamber, who was deep in the business of packing, like his unfortunate brother John had been, not two short years before.

"I want to speak to you," he began. "I have thought of it these several days past, but I was unwilling to do so, for you may deem that it is no business of mine. However, I cannot get it off my mind, that it may be my duty, and I have come to do it."

Frederick Massingbird was half buried amid piles of things, but he turned round at this strange address and looked at Lionel.

"Is there *nothing* on your conscience that should prevent your marrying that girl?"

"Do you want her left for yourself?" was Fred's answer, after a prolonged stare.

Lionel flushed to his very temples. He controlled the hasty retort that rose to his tongue.

"I came here not to speak in any one's interest but hers. Were she free as air this moment—were she to come to my feet and say, 'Let me be your wife,' I should tell her that the whole world was before her to choose from, save myself. She can never again be anything to me. No. I speak for her alone. She is marrying you in all confidence. Are you worthy of her?"

"What on earth do you mean?" cried Frederick Massingbird.

"If there be any sin upon your conscience that ought to prevent your taking her, or any confiding girl, to your heart, as wife, reflect whether you should ignore it. The consequences may come home later; and then what would be her position?"

"I have no sin upon my conscience. Poor John, perhaps, had plenty. I do not understand you, Lionel Verner."

"On your sacred word?"

"On my word, and honor, too."

"Then forgive me," was the ready reply of Lionel; and he held out his hand with frankness to Frederick Massingbird.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The gateway of a Western cemetery bears the following notice:—"I am authorized to arrest the First Person that Cuts up in this Cemetery Hereafter Swearing is Forbidden.—Lewis W. Sitrer, Section."

☞ Our soldiers, in front of Richmond, it is said, do not know the day of the week or month, there being no "Sundays in war," and hence no starting place to reckon from. This does not trouble them much, however, as they are not fighting by the day, but by the job.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1862.

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## A NEW POLICY.

We see the daily papers full of articles, asserting that a new and more vigorous military policy is to be adopted. We would suggest, however, that no fair trial can be made of any policy, except by entrusting the execution of it to men whose hearts are in the work, and who believe earnestly in the wisdom of said policy. This is the plainest dictate of common sense, and yet we have found it neglected so generally since the commencement of the war, that we have almost despaired of seeing it recognized until the Union is brought almost to the verge of despair and desperation.

We lost Bull Run, in a great degree, as nearly everybody now admits, through General Patterson's want of energy. It was generally believed in this city that Patterson's heart was not earnestly and enthusiastically in the war—and yet Patterson was appointed to one of the most important commands. Who would have thought that men of even average common sense would make such an appointment? We care not what a general's abilities are—if his soul is not thoroughly in a cause, it is utter folly to give him a high command.

We believe that similar mistakes have been made again and again—so that the errors that have been most severely rebuked in the subordinate officers, have been those which grew out of the very excess of their earnestness and zeal. Thus the war has languished, because it was to a great degree in the hands of men who were only half-hearted in their work. We do not suppose that such leaders were or are disloyal—by no means; we only think that they were and are not, heart and soul, earnest and enthusiastic in the great work of crushing out the rebellion, thoughtless of everything else.

Thus the country has wasted tens of thousands of the most precious lives, and hundreds of millions of dollars. The West has been more in earnest than the East—and the battle has gone better there than here on that account.

The Scripture says, "No man putteth new wine into old bottles"—but it is what the Government has been doing from the first. It seems never even to have asked when choosing its leaders, is he an "old bottle" or not? And yet that is the very first question that should have been asked—the matter of military skill should come next.

But "experience is a good teacher, though she does take dreadfully high wages," and we suppose the country will learn by experience, if by nothing else. As months ago we expected but little, we for one are not greatly disappointed at the present aspect of affairs. But we made up our mind some time since, that there "was no use in talking," and, as our readers know, we stopped all reference to the management of the war. Even what we have said above, perhaps, might as well have gone unsaid—but our readers will please excuse it, as we probably shall not offend again in this way for a considerable period.

## AMERICAN LADIES.

It is an old saying that "one must go abroad to learn what they are doing at home," and our readers doubtless will be a little surprised—not to say amused—at finding out from the London Weekly Dispatch how enthusiastic the ladies of New York are in the cause of the Union. That veracious chronicler of passing events—a *dispatcher* of them indeed—says:—

"What the ladies are fast becoming, even in New York, may be guessed by the narrative of an eye-witness of the effect of the tramp of soldiers through the town. 'I met girls and women *by thousands*, at 10 or 11 o'clock at night, going home alone *without male attendants*. They had been to cheer the departing regiments. It carries a magic power with it. 'You are a pretty girl, will you marry me when I come back?' 'Yes, what is your name?' 'If you get wounded I will.' 'Edward Riggles, Company B, 8th regiment, Massachusetts.' 'I'll write you—my name is Mary Ayman.' Thousands of *such* short talks as the soldiers walk rapidly on. They know that these girls are *of the highest and best class*. These sudden attachments are for the soldiers. Her manner and looks, for it was an eye-witness, indicated her being the daughter of a South street merchant, and *one of our oldest families*. She will be *as sure to let that soldier hear from her as that she lives!*' It is but the Cossack and the Kalmuck tamely conquered by civilization."

We wonder what "manner and looks" enable an eye-witness to tell that a lady is "*the daughter of a South street merchant, and one of our oldest families!*" We hope the volunteers are able to discern the fact as easily, as it will conduce to the speedy filling up of the new call for 300,000 men, when it is known that "thousands" of refined and wealthy young ladies are ready to become, almost unsolicited, the wives of wounded soldiers!

We do not quite understand, however, the remark that these ladies are but Cossacks and

Kalmucks, "thinly lacquered by civilization." Devoted patriotism was never considered a particularly barbarian virtue. If it is, then all we have to say is that it is the worse for civilization.

But, speaking seriously, who can wonder at the ridiculous ideas relative to Americans which prevail in Europe, when we see that the English and French—divided for centuries only by a narrow channel—have equally absurd ideas of each other. Now as the width of the Atlantic is to the width of the English channel, would be the probability that the English people would hold still more ridiculous views of the Americans than they do of the French, were it not that in the one case the same, and in the other a dissimilar language is spoken.

A lady-friend not long since related to us the following anecdote. She is a brunette—inheriting probably from her father, who was a native of the south of France, the dark complexion of those latitudes. Travelling in England, a female guide at some famous place, in the course of conversation made some allusion to her being an American. Our friend was of course anxious to know what peculiarity had betrayed her, and asked the guide how she knew her to be an American. At first the guide endeavored to evade an answer—evidently being considerably embarrassed. But finally, our friend insisting on knowing, replied with amusing confusion, "*Because of your color, mum.*" The idea that all Americans are negroes, and therefore dark colored, evidently being at the foundation of the guide's impression.

## THE PHILADELPHIA CONTINGENT.

It is understood that Philadelphia is required to fill up the old regiments belonging to this city, and to raise ten new regiments. If this be so, it will require about 20,000 men. In order to obtain these, a bounty of from twenty-five to fifty dollars is to be offered to each volunteer. The City Councils have appropriated the sum of $500,000, and private liberality is expected to do the rest. Up to Saturday last, the sum contributed by incorporated companies and a few citizens was $108,225. The Pennsylvania Railroad contributed $50,000; the Reading, $25,000; the Farmers & Mechanics' Bank, $5,000; and a number of individuals and firms from $3,000 to $100 each. Quite a large number of our citizens will contribute $1,000 apiece. The amount so far contributed was thus $696,225. It is glorious to see our moneyed men coming up to the work in so enthusiastic and liberal a manner. It is an evidence that there is no reason yet to despair of the Republic. With the spirit that is now flaming up again all through the North and West, there is reason to believe that not many months will elapse before the new array of 300,000 gallant volunteers will be under arms. And what nation of 20,000,000 of people ever before put nearly *one million* of *volunteers* in the field?

The day after the brilliant naval victory at Memphis, a prominent clergyman who has been strongly secesh, remarked that "when he saw the officers of the Federal navy pacing the decks of their gunboats during the whole engagement, and saw that the rebel officers and men were concealed, he could not help admitting in his own heart that the northern men were braver than the southern."

We must say that we think the rebel officers acted very sensibly in not exposing their persons—and we think it more a proof of their discreetness, than of any want of courage. We wish that the heroic Col. Ellet had manifested a little more of the same discreetness at Memphis—though probably his whole soul was so intent upon proving the value of his rams, that he forgot every other consideration. The loss of an officer in the heat of battle often greatly dispirits the men, and moreover takes away sometimes the very head and soul of the movement, and it is therefore the duty of officers, as a general thing, not to be too daring and venturesome. Of course there are occasions in which the officer must freely expose his own life to give courage and confidence to his men—but these cases are exceptional. The loss of two or three good officers may imperil a vessel or a regiment. The right man alive at the right time has often turned the tide of battle.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S BOOK.—We are indebted to the Rev. Mr. Brownlow for a copy of his book relating his personal experiences among the rebels. It is a very interesting volume, and is having an immense sale. Mr. Brownlow has become an historic character. He is evidently a man of the most intense earnestness—and his words often flow forth like molten lava simply because there is a volcano in his bosom. "The style is the man." We believe Mr. Brownlow to be honest, earnest and truthful, with a good deal of the Methodist in his peculiar plainness and bluntness of speech, and a most determined and unflinching love of the Union in his heart.

THE ARMSTRONG GUN.—The famous 300-pounder "Armstrong gun"—so called—it seems has proved to be a failure; having recently blown itself out of its breech-es. The English correspondent of the Philadelphia Inquirer says that "Col. Boxer, one of the principal authorities at Woolwich, is out in a pamphlet, showing not only that it has been a failure from the beginning, but averring, and claiming to prove from scientific data, the utter impossibility of creating a gun capable of doing what that proposed to do. The attention of the Government is just now especially directed towards the practicability of submarine batteries."

A SUGGESTION.—An exchange asks:—"Has the Navy Department ever heard of the steam digging machines which excavate Back Bay? A machine similar to one of these, fastened to the front end of a gunboat, would dig Farragut's canal in three days, or in the same time dig through any of the narrow sand islands near Charleston, and let our gunboats sail where they would through the country."

## THE REBEL IRON CLADS.

The 'Arkansas,' which recently ran the gauntlet of our squadron in the Mississippi—consisting of fifteen vessels carrying 200 heavy guns—is thus described by a correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*:—

The Arkansas, which is a ram as well as a gun-boat, is not more than half as large as one of Davis's gun-boats; is low and flat, *covered with double railway iron (T rail)*; built with slanting sides, without decks or any opening or apertures save the ports; carries 12 large guns, three on each side, two forward and two aft; has one chimney; and looks almost if not quite, invulnerable. She is of a light brown or reddish brown hue, much like the banks of the Mississippi, and at a distance could not well be distinguished therefrom.

No human being was visible on or about her, as she passed down the river, though her guns were promptly and accurately fired, and her unseen sharpshooters directed their pieces at every man they could see within range. The sharpshooters were very industrious and energetic, and their balls were constantly whistling through the air though their sharp note was generally swallowed up in the deep roar or loud shriek of the heavy guns.

As we hear of new rebel iron-clads at Richmond and other places, we hope our builders will hurry up our new vessels as rapidly as possible. Why could not some iron-clads of the style of the Merrimac and Arkansas be speedily constructed? Railway iron is plenty, and seems to make a first rate covering.

AGREEABLE PROSPECT.—Col. Charles, who recently returned from Richmond on parole, says:—

Mysterious hints are employed by rebel officers concerning an aggressive policy, which is to bring the war to the doors of the Northerners. The destruction of Washington seems to be a darling project with them all. One of them said:—"The Northerners do not yet know what war is. You have not had any of your cities destroyed; but in a little while there will be one of your cities burned up."

Why burn our cities? We have taken a good many rebel cities—including Norfolk, Nashville and New Orleans—but we have not harmed them. But forewarned, forearmed—we will see if we cannot keep such chivalric incendiaries out of our cities.

DEATH OF MARTIN VAN BUREN.—Mr. Van Buren, eighth President of the United States, died at Kinderhook on the 24th, in the 79th year of his age.

BARCHESTER TOWERS. By Anthony Trollope, author of Dr. Thorne, &c. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY and HARPER'S MONTHLY, for August, are received.

A PAGAN LEGEND OF JESUS.—Publius Lentulus, assumed by some to have been proconsul of Judea prior to Herod, is reported to have seen the Saviour, and to have written the following letter to the Roman Senate:—"At this time, appeared a man who is still living, and endowed with power; his name is Jesus Christ. His disciples call him the Son of God; others regard him as a powerful prophet. He raises the dead to life, and heals the sick of every description of infirmity. This man is of lofty stature and well proportioned; his countenance severe and virtuous, so that he inspires beholders with feelings both of fear and love. The hair of his head is of the color of wine, and from the top of the head to the ears, straight and without radiance, but it descends, from the ears to the shoulders, in shining curls. From the shoulders, the hair flows down the back, divided into two portions, after the manner of the Nazarenes; his forehead is clear and without wrinkle; his face free from blemish, and slightly tinged with red; his physiognomy noble and gracious. The nose and mouth are faultless. His beard is abundant, the same color as the hair, and forked. His eyes are blue, and very brilliant. In reproving or censuring, he is awe inspiring; in exhorting and teaching, his speech is gentle and caressing. His countenance is marvellous in seriousness and grace. He has never once been seen to laugh, but many have seen him weep. He is slender in person, his hands are straight and long, his arms beautiful. Grave and solemn in his discourse, his language is simple and quiet. In appearance, he is the most beautiful of the children of men."—*Church Monthly.*

## PLAYING AT WAR

We have just seen a worthy citizen who went down to Suffolk, Virginia, a few days since, to see his son in the Union force there stationed, and this was part of his experience:—

Suffolk is the petty centre of a strong slave-holding county (Nansemond), which has been for some weeks in the peaceful possession of our troops. *Fifty stacks of good fresh hay stood in plain sight, but our horses were fed on hay brought from New York at a cost of not less than $40 per ton.* Our friend, having spent some hours with his son, proposed to go into the village and find supper and lodging at a tavern. His son stared.—"Why, they wouldn't give you supper or lodging there for any money. You will have to stay in camp with me, and take such fare as we have." So the father, having no choice, concluded to stay. Supper was on hand; it consisted of good bread (they were out of meat just then) and tolerable coffee, black as your hat. "Is there no milk here?" queried the astonished father. "Plenty," replied the son; "but they wouldn't let us have a drop to save our lives." So the father ate his bread and sipped his black coffee, wondering if rebels in a region under loyal rule were ever allowed to bully their conquerors so before. And he came away wondering.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

ENGLISH OPINION.—The private letters from London and Liverpool, by the Asia, speak freely of the effect, on British public opinion, of the recent battles before Richmond. A gentleman connected with the house of Baring Bros., says the English people are convinced that the war is now to be very protracted, and that peace is not to be looked for until North and South are mutually exhausted, but that a thousand such "Confederate victories" as those before Richmond, would not move the Government from their neutral position.

## NEWS ITEMS.

CHINESE JUSTICE.—A letter, dated Shanghai, May 3d, states that the keeper of an eating house in that city had, a few days before, charged a visitor with eating a quantity of rice not paid for, when an angry dispute arose. A mandarin was sent for, who ordered the victim to be ripped open to ascertain whether he had swallowed the food. It was done, and no rice found. A false charge had been made; and to put things to rights (according to Chinese ideas), the head of the accuser was quickly taken off, when the magistrate was ready for another job.

MANY resignations of officers in the Army of the Potomac are being sent in, but none are accepted except those who are worthless.

THE Executive order for the seizure and use of property in the rebel states, does not include North Carolina.

A PREMIUM of three dollars will be given by the Government for volunteer recruits for the old regiments, and two dollars for the new regiments.

THE Provost Marshal of St. Louis has issued an order forbidding the sale or transfer by dealers or individuals, of arms or ammunition of any character, under penalty of arrest and the imprisonment of the offender during the war.

A BALLOON, for scientific purposes, has been built in England, by Mr. Coxwell. It is fifty feet in diameter, and sixty-nine feet in length. The balloon proposes to ascend five miles, for the purpose of making observations on the temperature and humidity of the air at different heights. He will use Prof. Thompson's electrometer for electrical experiments. Trigonometrical observations are also to be made.

THE Secretary of the Navy has formally given notice that the spirit ration will cease in the Navy from and after the 1st of September, in accordance with the Congressional enactment. There is to be paid to every person now entitled to spirit ration, five cents commutation in addition to his present pay.

MR. SINGER, the manufacturer of Sewing Machines, has left this country with the intention of spending the rest of his life in the Holy Land.

A NEW eruption of Vesuvius is expected at Naples. The volcano is already sending forth lava in the direction of Pompeii, and ashes in the direction of Portici. The atmosphere of the city is highly charged with electricity, a phenomenon which usually precedes an eruption.

ACCOUNTS from all parts of Cuba represent the heavy rains to exceed all that has been before experienced in that climate. Business has been in many places stopped for days, and the gathering of produce prevented. The extensive inundations have caused much loss and distress.

A MAN in Franklin, N. H., enlisted about a week ago, but on second thought did not want to go to war, and so went home and chopped off one of his fingers with an axe.—He said he did it as he was driving a stake in to the ground, but most of the people in Franklin do not drive stakes with the sharp end of an axe.

GRATIFYING.—The soldiers of Gen. Butler's division have sent to their homes $350,000 as the result of their recent payment.

ANOTHER REBEL FLOATING BATTERY.—It is stated that a new rebel floating battery, "Georgia," carrying 10 guns, is ready for sea at Savannah.

AN IRON "CUT-OFF."—The Mississippian newspaper says:—"The Yankees are building a railroad opposite Vicksburg, instead of digging a canal, as is reported in our dispatches to-day."

THE New York Herald's story that the United States has made a secret treaty with France, stipulating that the former shall not interfere with Napoleon's designs in Mexico, and that the latter shall not intervene in our affairs, is an entire and stupid fabrication. If a man is a liar, he should not prove himself a fool, too.

THE fortifications about Memphis are being rapidly constructed. Several hundred negroes are at work on them, and a large force of soldiers are employed in the same manner. The earthworks are of the most stable character, and are intended to be of great strength. They will encircle the town from north to south.

THE President has issued an order revoking and annulling all oaths of allegiance heretofore taken by the citizens of foreign countries temporarily residing in the United States.

OLD Democratic Berks County has appropriated $30,000 as a bounty fund for volunteers for the six new companies from that county. Lancaster and other counties have also made appropriations.

THE Richmond Enquirer of the 23d says that the basis recently made for the exchange of prisoners acknowledges them as belligerents. It claims that after one more confederate victory commissioners for a truce and armistice will meet. Rowdyism is rife in Richmond.

GENERAL POPE has issued an order prohibiting our soldiers guarding any private property of persons hostile to the United States Government.

ALL Federal Surgeons and Army Chaplains taken prisoners in the discharge of their legitimate duties are to be unconditionally discharged.

BY the authority of Gov. Gamble, General Schofield, at St. Louis, has issued a general order for the immediate organization of all the militia of Missouri for the purpose of clearing the state of guerillas.

PERUVIANS AND THE MONITOR.—Captain Tizon and Pardo de Zela have been commissioned and sent by the Peruvian Government to the United States to study the Monitor and other iron-plated ships, with a view of the introduction of similar vessels into the Peruvian navy.

MRS BEAUREGARD.—The Richmond Enquirer, of the 19th, says:—"The Charleston Mercury contradicts the report of the death of Mrs Beauregard, wife of our distinguished General."

MR DANIEL ROGERS, a poor and worthy laboring man of Auburn, N. Y. has just fallen heir to a property of £55,000 ($260,000) left him by his grandfather, and now lying to his order in the Bank of Ireland. Mr. Rogers soon goes over to take possession, but intends to return and settle in the place where he has been happiest in the days of his adversity.

"LORD CLIFDEN," the English two year old colt, and favorite for the Derby of next year, was lately sold to Capt. Curtis, for $22,500, and $5,000 more if he should win the race. He was afterwards re-sold for $32,500, and $10,000 more in the event of his winning.

THERE is not a particle of truth in the story, in a New York paper, that a secret treaty exists between France and the United States with reference to the rebellion. This is a sandred canard to a despatch about the intended resignation of Secretary Seward and troubles in the Cabinet. It is needless to say that no other foundation exists for such reports nor a desire to create excitement and to disturb the public mind.—*Washington Correspondent of Philada. Inquirer.*

THE sailing vessels which have for some time been lying near James Island, in James river, have dropped down the river and are covered in the Roads, just above Fortress Monroe.

THE NEW GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.—General Halleck and staff, accompanied by General Burnside, recently visited Fortress Monroe. It is understood that the President gives him entire control of all military affairs.

FROM accounts recently received from the headquarters of the Army of the Potomac, the official report of the battles before Richmond states that the killed, wounded and missing approximates to 16,000.

THE health of our troops before Richmond is rapidly improving. Col. Clark, of the army, has decided on furnishing the troops with vegetables fresh from the southern markets.

THE rebels under Jackson are reported to be 30,000 strong at Gordonsville, Va. They expect to act on the offensive, and, if possible, break our lines, with a view of drawing off the forces near Richmond.

THE canal opposite Vicksburg is completed, but the water will not be let in till the river rises.

MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN has assumed command at Memphis. A large number of persons who declined taking the oath of allegiance, have received passes to go South.

ALL the secession members of the second branch of the Baltimore City Councils have resigned, in compliance with an intimation from Gen. Wool that their resignation would tend to preserve peace. Their places will be supplied by a special election.

THE UNION LEAGUE IN BALTIMORE.—The Union League of Baltimore comprises over 15,000 members. It is of immense service to the military, and is the most effective agency in keeping down the secessionists.

GEN. POPE has offered a reward of five cents for Capt. Samuel L. Harrison of the 95th New York volunteers—he having deserted his company on the 21st of July and gone to New York.

## IMPORTANT PROCLAMATION.

The President has issued a proclamation in pursuance of the Confiscation Act, dated July 25th, 1862 as follows:—

In pursuance of the sixth section of the act of Congress entitled "An act to suppress insurrection, to punish treason and rebellion, to seize and confiscate the property of rebels, and for other purposes," approved July 17, 1862, and which act, and the joint resolution explanatory thereof, are herewith published, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, do hereby proclaim to and warn all persons within the contemplation of said sixth section to cease participating, in aiding, countenancing, or abetting the existing rebellion, or any rebellion, against the Government of the United States, and to return to their proper allegiance to the United States, on pain of the forfeitures and seizures as within and by said sixth section provided.

GEN. BUELL.—A letter to the Dayton Journal from a member of the Fourth Ohio cavalry says that Gen. Buell recently issued the following order:—

"All persons having lost any property, will bring in their bills, and they will be paid. The wives of those in the Southern army shall have the privilege of drawing the amount of their husbands' claims, and have a guard placed over their property."

He adds:—"Since the arrival of Gen. Buell our services seem to be turned in a new channel, that of catching negroes and returning them to their masters; even those Gen. Mitchell offered liberty to for valuable information given him, and for which deeds his men portion if returned to their masters."

THE NEW GENERAL-IN-CHIEF.—The mystery which has lately rested upon the movements of Gen. Halleck has at length been cleared up by the order of the President, appointing him General-in-Chief in command of all the land forces of the United States. It will be observed that this order is dated immediately upon the return of President Lincoln to Washington from his visit to the army on the James river.

☞ One of the rebel Morgan's men, when asked by a farmer near Lawrenceburg, Ky., what their object was, and why they were there, the fellow, with a nonchalance that must have been delightful, replied: "Well, we're here to ride around the country, and play hell generally."

☞ Joke by a gay old boy of three score. A dilapidated old wretch of ninety years of age can't expect to "go it like sixty."

☞ A few weeks since a farmer in Illinois cradled three acres of wheat, and that night his wife, not to be outdone by him, cradled three babies. If the war continues much longer, a premium will have to be offered for the latter article—especially for boys.

☞ There were no *ifs* about the naval battle at Memphis; and yet it must be confessed there were a good many *butts*.

☞ The London Review says that the English are the dirtiest of all enlightened people.

☞ A secesh country paper, in copying a paragraph from the Charlotte (Va.) Journal, announcing that "Ashby is to lie in classic ground until the last trump sounds," has it "until the last trump is *turned*."

☞ Mr. Hobbs says he has one of the most obedient boys in the world. He tells him to do as he pleases, and he does it without murmuring.

☞ "What a nice lot of turnips you have got!" said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Jones—the latter's children's noses being all turn-up!

☞ Shocked—the man who fooled with the galvanic battery.

☞ A temperance editor, in drawing attention to an article against ardent spirits in one of the inner pages of his paper, says, "For the effects of intemperance see our inside!"

☞ The one-sided, violent, vociferating advocate of an opinion or party, may be useful in dragging over the multitude; but he who has something of a leaning toward the opposite side, with some sympathy for its views, and a thorough comprehension of its arguments, is likely to make the most valuable and enlightened converts.

☞ Col. Wyman, of the 16th Massachusetts Regiment, the man with whom Mrs. Brannan eloped from Staten Island several years ago, fell in the fight before Richmond. Wyman was a Bostonian and a graduate of West Point, and had served twelve years in the army, when he resigned in consequence of his liaison with Mrs. Brannan, whose husband is now Brigadier-General Brannan, of the regular army.

☞ Ex-President Buchanan recently sent a donation of $100 to the Relief Association in Washington, for the benefit of sick and wounded Pennsylvania soldiers.

☞ TINNING IRON.—Cast-iron articles to be tinned, are first scoured bright with sulphuric acid and sand, then washed in clean warm water, and dried. They are afterward coated with zinc, and a coat of tin is put upon the top of the zinc, by dipping the articles into molten tin. When the tinning operation is finished the articles are placed in boiling water, and allowed to cool slowly.

☞ The Mayflower, with the Pilgrims aboard, made the passage across the Atlantic in 64 days. The Baltic accomplishes it in 9 days, 18 hours and 45 minutes.

☞ A susceptible youth on being told that the only cure for the palpitation of the heart with which he was afflicted, is to quit kissing the girls, said, "then let 'er palpitate."

☞ Farmers,—particularly "about this time," as almanacs used to say in regard to the weather,—should remember the adage that "One year's seeding makes seven year's weeding."

☞ Herbs for future use should be cut just about the time they are coming into flower. Dry them in the shade, and after sufficiently dry to put away, tie them in bunches, and hang them in a cool shed, or place them loosely between the paper, and stow away in cupboards or drawers.—*Gardener's Monthly.*

☞ Professor Thomson, of Glasgow, celebrated for his great knowledge respecting the operations of electricity, states that he usually finds the atmospheric electricity within doors negative to that of the earth. The air out of doors is generally positive.

☞ "DEAD AS A HERRING."—The herring is a delicate fish. Whenever it is taken out of the water, even though it seems to have received no hurt, it gives a squeak, and immediately expires; and though it be thrown instantly back into the water, it never recovers. Hence the proverb—"Dead as a herring."

☞ "You would be very pretty, indeed," said a gentleman patronizingly to a young lady, "if your eyes were only a little larger." "My eyes may be very small, sir, but such people as you don't fill them!"

☞ TERRIFIC ROCKETS.—Lieut. Samuel Pariby, of the Bengal Artillery, states that it is perfectly practicable to produce rockets of 1,000 pounds weight which can be thrown with equal exactness as shells from mortars. One of these falling upon the deck of a ship, he says, would immediately destroy it. They have a rotary motion like rifle bullets.

☞ The yearly expense of keeping sheep in Vermont is $1,80 per head. In Wisconsin it is put at 50 cents a year; in Missouri, 40 cents; in Maine, $1; in Virginia, 45 cents; the Shaker Society in Kentucky rate the cost there from 50 to 75 cents.

☞ A lady well advanced in maidenhood, at her marriage requested the choir to sing the hymn commencing:—

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

☞ Henry Ward Beecher has lately been pitching into the practice of working the railroad conductors and drivers on Sunday. The other day, Mr. Beecher, in his peculiar way, was making inquiries of a Brooklyn conductor to whom he was unknown, as to whether the Sunday riding could not be broken up. "I think it might be," said the conductor, "but for that confounded fellow, Beecher. So many of the fancy people from all parts visit his establishment, that it makes the road profitable. If he would only shut up, the thing could be done."

☞ Memphis was neither burned down nor battered down. She was rammed down.

☞ The commercial editor of the Independent estimates that the total losses of the nation and of individuals, traceable directly and indirectly to the war, cannot be less than ten thousand millions of dollars.

☞ A thousand years ago, a little star sent forth a ray of light. Last night it reached the earth, and gladdened a million hearts.—So the true philanthropist may to-day start a ray of light that will flood the minds of millions in years to come.

☞ There is now living near Canterbury, a man whose name is James Port, who has thirty-one sons and daughters, by two wives, viz.:—thirteen by the first and eighteen by the latter; is grandfather to forty-nine, and great-grandfather to eight, making the number of his family eighty-eight, all born in wedlock.

☞ An urchin in a country school, was reading the verse in the New Testament which reads thus:—"And he saw Abraham afar off, with Lazarus in his bosom." The boy gravely spelled it out thus:—"And-he-saw-a-broom-afar-off-with-leather-ears-in-Boston!"

☞ The Chinese have a curious nomenclature for the different periods of life. To each decade they apply some special designation, thus: the age of 10 is called the Opening Degree; 20, Youth Expired; 30, Strength and Marriage; 40, Officially Apt; 50, Error Knowing; 60, Cycle Closing; 70, Rare Bird of Age; 80, Rusty Visaged; 90, Delayed; 100 Age's Extremity.

☞ A woman is like tar—melt her, and she will take any form you please.

☞ A gentleman was threatening to beat a dog for barking intolerably. "Why," exclaimed an Irishman, "would you beat the poor *dumb* animal for *spaking out*?"

☞ Ladies have no right to wear the newest and highest style of coal-scuttle bonnets at places of public entertainment. They shut off views from back seats.

☞ German bee-keepers say that fresh sweet milk is the best artificial food for bees. And why should it not be, since Boutspeare not only says, but our own experience informs us, that "the bee *sucks*?"

☞ When pride begins love ceases.—*Lavater.*

☞ Youth and the lark have their song for the morning, while age and the nightingale have theirs for the evening.

☞ A man that catches a handsome wife scolding her servants, is apt to be reminded that the peacock, with all her beauty has the harshest voice in the world.

## LATEST NEWS.

### A Rebel Raid on the Tennessee River.

CAIRO, *July* 25.—The steamer Evansville, from the Tennessee River, brings news of a rebel raid at Florence, Alabama, on Tuesday last. They entered the city burned all the warehouses used for commissary and quartermaster's stores and all the cotton in the vicinity. They also seized the United States steamer Colline, used for conveying army supplies took all the money belonging to the boats and passengers, and then burned the vessel. The property destroyed is said to have been of great value. A small detachment of Gen. Mitchell's army was captured. The rebels then proceeded down the Tennessee River to Chickasaw, Waterloo, and the vicinity of Eastport, and burned all the warehouses which contained cotton. Another band of forty rebels attacked a wagon train near Pittsburg Landing, and captured sixty wagons, conveying commissary and quartermaster's stores.

CAIRO, *July* 26.—The steamer Wilson, from Vicksburg, arrived here last night. When in Princeton, and 80 miles from Vicksburg, she was fired into from the Mississippi side by several six-pounders and a score or two of muskets, and was hit about sixty times, mostly by musket balls. One shell burst directly under her boiler, but no one was hurt.

NASHVILLE July 27.—The 19th Ohio regiment guarding the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, between Decatur and Courtland, were attacked, yesterday, by a large force of guerillas, under Starns and Ward.

Thirty to forty of the regiment is said to have been killed.

Col. Forest is reported to be at Carthage, with the object, it is supposed, of making a descent on the Louisville Railroad.

NASHVILLE July 24.—The latest accounts from Chattanooga report that the rebel infantry has crossed the river in force. Their number is large, and three generals are in command. The rebel cavalry is heavy in East Tennessee. It is stated to be five thousand strong.

### Miscellaneous.

General Pope's recent orders causes great excitement in Fauquier county, Va. Nearly all of the people will go South before taking an oath of allegiance to the United States Government.

General Pope does not allow his men to roam through the country and steal chickens, or whatever they can lay hands on. Several soldiers have been severely punished for such offences.

Generals Halleck, Burnside, and Meigs, who have been on a visit to the James River, have returned to Washington.

Considerable excitement took place at St. Louis, on Friday, in consequence of the enrolment of militia. Many persons ran to the British Consul's office to claim the protection of the British flag, in order to be exempt from enrolement under the recent order of the Governor.

The ladies of New Albany, Indiana, have proposed to take the places of all young men who will enlist, and on their return deliver up the situations with one half the salary.

No bounty will be paid by the U. S Government to the nine months men, except the $25 paid at the time of being mustered into service.

All volunteers for the old regiments get $4 instead of $3 premium.

A large and enthusiastic war meeting was held in this city on Saturday afternoon, in Independence Square, to further the call of the President for volunteers. Not less than 23,000 persons were present.

Secretary Seward, in defining his position, places himself entirely at the disposal of the President. If he retires, he withdraws altogether from public positions although the country shall emerge into full strength and greatness from its present troubles.

The rebels of Kentucky along the Ohio river, below Louisville, are very insulting to Union citizens, and very defiant in their conduct.

About one-half of the people of Memphis who are able to get away, prefer going South to taking the oath of allegiance to the U. S. Government.

### Foreign News.

The Edinburg, from Liverpool, passed Cape Race on Saturday evening. The Viceroy of Egypt gave a magnificent entertainment, in oriental style of splendor, on board his yacht, off Woolwich. On the same evening a grand entertainment was given in London by the French Minister of Commerce. About 150 members of Parliament were present. The prevailing sentiment was, "the close alliance of England and France." The Paris Presse states that the approaching imperial and royal interview will take place either at Baden Baden or Cologne. A French provincial journal has received a warning for insulting the Czar of Russia for having recognized the Kingdom of Italy. A treaty of peace between France and Cochin China was expected to have been signed on the 31st of May. The Turks have gained another victory over the Montenegrins.

☞ A musician, after having served twenty years at the French opera, went to M. de La Frilliere to obtain the customary pension of retirement. "That's the way with all of them," said the minister, angrily; "they hurry through their twenty years of service, so as to snatch at their pensions."

☞ The progress of truth is slow. Like the sun, we cannot see it moving; but after a while we perceive that it has moved, nay, that it has moved onward.

☞ Bear in mind that, when you are invited by a distinguished man to dinner, you have received payment in full of your long standing account of service.

☞ A GOOD IDEA.—That is a good idea of Clark's: "The *frost* is God's *plough*, which He drives through every inch of ground in the world, opening each clod and pulverizing the whole."

☞ Lieutenant James Gordon Bennett, Jr., is said to be known among his intimate friends by the significant soubriquet of "Child *Herald*."

☞ "I repeat," said a person of questionable veracity, "that I am an honest man." "Yes," was the reply, "and how often will you have to repeat it before you believe it yourself?"

☞ The editor of a provincial paper speaks about his frame of mind. A contemporary suggests that he may have the frame of one, but that is all.

☞ The perfumes of a thousand roses soon die, but the pain caused by one of their thorns remains long after. A saddened remembrance in the midst of mirth is like that thorn among the roses.

☞ Imitate the example of the locomotive. He runs along, whistles over his work, and yet never takes anything but water when he wants to "wet his whistle."

## PARTING FOR EVER.

Sweet, let me touch your hand;
Your little hand, with its fair rosy palm
And slender wrist, where the full pulse beats calm:
Sweet, let me touch your hand!

And let me kiss your lips;
Soft, ruby lips, that half conceal the pearl,
And half disclose it, in their dainty curl:
Sweet, let me kiss your lips!

Ah, well; we're parting now!
What has become of all the love you swore
Should be my own for ever, ever more,
When we are parting now?

Not let me *touch* your hand?
Well, I remember when it lay at rest
In mine, a whole long summer's day caress'd,—
And now not *touch* your hand?

Think of your broken vow.
You swore, with pretty oaths, as maidens do,
"By our last kiss, I will be true to you."
Think of that broken vow.

What! not a word to say?
Ah, faithless sweet! you turn away your head,
And bite your lip until it glows more red;
But not one word to say!

Well then, clasp hands and part.
I see the angry blood flush in your cheek.
Ah, child! I thought you strong, and you are weak.
Let us clasp hands, and part.

Some time the day may come,
Poor, fickle heart, when you will moan, and weep
True tears from faithless eyes that cannot sleep—
Some time the day must come.

And so, weak heart, good-by!
When that day comes, you will remember me;
Thinking it might have been, but may not be!
And so good-by—good-by!

A. DONALDSON.

## DRILL UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

[Those of our gentlemen readers who have undergone drilling during the military excitements of the last year, will have a hearty laugh over the following from an English journal:]

My name is Huddlestone, and I have just become a full private in a crack volunteer corps. It matters little why I have been so long in screwing up my courage to what—as I wear a bayonet—may with propriety be termed the sticking-point. I might give half-a-dozen excellent reasons why, like Blucher at Waterloo, I have come into action so late in the day. The Huddlestones, as everybody knows, are descended in a direct line from Athelstane the Unready, and a few drops of the sluggish blood of my illustrious ancestor may still ooze through my veins. Perhaps an exclusive devotion to business prevented my worshipping at the shrine of Mars. Perhaps—most potent reason of all—my wife wouldn't let me. Wives have been known before now to nip in the bud the martial aspirations of their husbands. Patriotism, in their opinion, is like charity, and begins at home. Bachelors—these ladies have been heard to assert—may catch their deaths of cold out skirmishing, or break their necks as light horsemen, if they choose, but a married man has no business to risk his precious life by getting his feet wet at drill, or learning to trot without stirrups. *His* only cavalry exploit should be to go out riding with his wife, and his infantry duties should be entirely confined to his own nursery.

Whatever may have been the obstacle which in my case prevented a setting out on the road to fame, that obstacle has now been happily surmounted. My military enthusiasm, after gently simmering for many months, has at length fairly boiled over, and I now serve my country in the South West Middlesex, or Piccadilly Regiment of Rifle Volunteers. This evening, for the first time, I went where glory waited me in Snaffle's well-known riding-school, the part of Glory being taken on this occasion by Corporal Tartar, of the Coldcream Guards. I have just returned from sitting at the feet, as it were, of that military Gamaliel. With the impressions of my first appearance in any riding-school fresh on my mind, I sit down to record my recollections. I do so, as novelists say, with feelings of mingled emotion. The glow of the patriot still animates my bosom, but the ardor of the novice has been considerably dampened. In a brand-new uniform, and brimful of martial ardor, which led me to refuse with disdain my wife's offer of an umbrella, I set off in a shower to be initiated into the mysteries of my new profession. Of military matters in general I enjoyed a profound ignorance. I knew as little of the actual process by which a ploughboy became a drilled soldier, as I know how raw silk is converted into a velvet dress. I had wondered at the mechanical precision of the military machines in operation at reviews, but the details of their manufacture were as unknown to me as the secrets of freemasonry. I confess to having had an undefined notion that the principal part of a soldier's duty was to wear a smart uniform, and to keep his head up. I have quite altered that opinion. The change in my views has been effected by the personal inconvenience and fatigue I have endured for the last two hours. I may here state in general terms, that I am not so young as I was, and that my figure corresponds with my age. Now that I know the ordeal that a soldier has to undergo, I consider him a martyr in his country's cause. I am quite prepared to be a martyr myself—to attempt impossible feats, and to stand in ridiculous attitudes for the good of my country—but I should wish my country to know what I have gone through in her service. To a man who, for nearly forty years, has been accustomed to use both legs in maintaining his equilibrium, it is a severe trial, physically and mentally, to balance himself in public on one leg, and wave the other about with the deliberate action of a ballet-dancer. He naturally wishes that a report of his achievement should appear in print, and that the nation should give him credit for such a meritorious exhibition of muscular patriotism.—Martyrs of modern growth are not usually modest plants that are content to blush unseen, and waste their sweetness on the desert air; and it is as a martyr of the sunflower type that I proceed to narrate the particulars of my debut.

My sufferings commenced at the entrance of the building, in which the young military ideas of Piccadilly are taught eventually how to shoot. With the unnecessary zeal of a new broom, I arrived half-an-hour too soon. The door of Snaffle's establishment, which opens into a back street, was locked. I need not say that standing as I did in the full glare of an enormous gas-lamp, and opposite to a gorgeous gin-palace, I immediately became the "cynosure of neighboring eyes." In a populous neighborhood, I have remarked that a considerable portion of the inhabitants spend the greater part of their time in staring. The indefatigable patience displayed in the pursuit of this favorite occupation would insure its professors in any other walk of life a handsome independence. Whatever the object of their notice may be, it seems to be a necessity of their existence to surround it if possible, and with their mouths wide open and their hands in their pockets, to gaze unwinkingly. To provide gratuitous amusement for this class, horses fall down in the streets, cabs are smashed, balloons ascend, and chimneys are set on fire. These are stock attractions that may be enjoyed when nothing else presents itself, but a stout gentleman, dressed as a volunteer, and kicking his heels on the door-step of a well-known establishment, was a novelty, and, as such, drew a large concourse of spectators. I was a decided hit, and found myself the centre of a gaping crowd, who stared at me as long and curiously as if I had been the latest eccentric importation from Australia on my way to the Zoological Gardens. Luckily, nothing in my regimentals justified derisive comment. The good sense and the good taste of the Piccadillies had led them, in choosing a dress, to prefer usefulness and economy to display and extravagance. No shako like an inverted flower pot, and rendered more ridiculous by a cock's feather, formed a mark for the finger of scorn to point at; no helmet and plume; no lace, embroidery, or foppery of any sort, invited popular criticism. A drab tunic, with red facings, drab pantaloons, drab foraging-cap, and brown leather belts, formed my quiet and inexpensive uniform. I had not even the objectionable red stripe down my trowsers, to justify an ironical assumption on the part of the populace that I was a footman out of place. But who can escape the pungent satire of the street-boy? He stings as smartly and inevitably as a mosquito in the tropics. The very quietness of my costume was seized upon to hold me up to public ridicule.

"I say, Bill," cried a little imp in corduroys, pointing to my modest drab suit and red collar; "'ere's a Quaker with his throat cut."

Of course, I affected to treat the ribaldry of a mob with sublime indifference; but though I stood my ground unflinchingly against juvenile sarcasm, I was utterly routed by juvenile compassion. When the laughter about the murdered Quaker had partially subsided, a small boy, about a yard high, approving, I suppose, of the Volunteer movement, observed in reproachful accents to his grinning companions:

"Leave him alone, can't yer?—how would yer like it yerselves?"

This was too much—pity from a street-boy was the last straw that broke the back of my endurance. I beat an ignominious retreat, and endeavored to regain my presence of mind by a brisk walk.

When I returned, I found the door of the riding-school open, and with considerable trepidation I entered. It was an enormous building, lighted by gas, and admirably adapted for its double purpose of training beginners in the way they should go on horseback and on foot. Of this I am quite satisfied. No rapid act of horsemanship performed, perhaps involuntarily, in that arena by day, could surpass in eccentricity some of the very slow pedestrian movements voluntarily executed at night. About a hundred Piccadillies had assembled, and were standing in groups in different parts of the school. The adjutant, Captain Smart, was bustling about from one group to the other, and making a great clatter with his steel scabbard, with which he perpetually tripped himself up in a most energetic manner. He was an active, cheery little man, with an eye-glass fixed in the peak of his forage-cap, and a bass voice, so hoarse from constant bellowing, that it quite tickled me. As I knew him a little, I went up and saluted, by knocking the back of my hand against my forehead, as I had seen soldiers salute on the stage.

"Ha, Mr. Huddlestone," he buzzed, "glad to see you, sir—glad to see you. Ten minutes late, though. Better late than never—eh? Seven sharp another time, mind. That's your squad in the corner; they're just going to begin. Corporal Tartar, this gentleman will join you."

And now I saw a genuine military salute, performed by a professor. The individual addressed as Corporal Tartar was very long, very lean, very brown, and looked very much like a mahogany bedpost in regimentals. When he heard his name mentioned, he drew himself up till he was perfectly rigid, jerked out his arm as if he were going to throw a stone at the adjutant, struck his own nose horizontally with his hand, and put his thumb into his right eye. I need not say that the professional performance was as different from the theatrical one as the roar that follows forked lightning is from the metallic rumbling that constitutes stage thunder.

"Don't wait any longer," bellowed Captain Smart. "Set to work at once."

"Very good, sir," replied the professor, striking his nose again. "Fall in, gents."

This was addressed to about a dozen novices who were awaiting their fate in silence, and was said in the rather impatient tone of a father of a family who tells his children to "jump in" when the cab is at the door to take them to a pantomime. Not seeing anything particular into which I could fall, I merely joined the others, who, in their attempts to form a line, had got themselves into a zigzag. Corporal Tartar's first proceeding was to size us. This he did by placing the short men in the centre, and the tall men, as he expressed it, on the flanks. He seemed to have some difficulty it fitting us to his satisfaction, and we certainly were an irregular lot. All heights were represented, from six feet two to five feet nothing; and all weights, from eight stone to sixteen. I found myself next to the sixteen "stunner." I have already hinted that I am not a slim man, but by the side of that mammoth in uniform, my waist seemed almost waspike. The professor's eye rested on the plethoric proportions of that very full private with undisguised pity. The next operation was numbering—I was Number Eight—Number Seven was a thin billious-looking man with a blue nose. Number Nine was my fat neighbor, who was already breathing hard in anticipation of the two hours' severe work cut out for him. He evidently looked upon the whole affair as a capital joke. A perpetual smile played on his jolly red face, and the slightest incident was sufficient to send him into elephantine convulsions of silent laughter. Number Ten was of course totally eclipsed. I tried to get a glimpse of him by peeping round the enormous disk that hid him from my view, but Tartar promptly brought me back to my perpendicular by shouting: "Look before you, Number Eight." I did look before me, and found myself face to face with a brick-wall. And herein consisted one of my difficulties. The view afforded by unadorned masonry is decidedly monotonous; and yet if my eyes wandered for a moment from that exceedingly dreary prospect, Tartar was down upon me, so to speak, like a hawk, and not only were my wandering eyes continually getting me into trouble, but my other organs were, in a military sense, equally unruly. If I turned my head the hundredth part of an inch to hear, perhaps, what the adjutant was bawling from the other end of the riding-school, Tartar cried: "Head steady, Number Eight." Did I murmur a remark, *sotto voce*, to my neighbor, Tartar had the ears of a hare, and shouted: "No talking, Number Eight." If, in a moment of forgetfulness, I afforded digital relief to a temporary irritation on the bridge of my nose, the eagle eyes of Corporal Tartar detected the motion, and his stentorian voice thundered out: "Hands down, Number Eight." In fact, Number Eight discovered, before he had been ten minutes at drill, that to be a soldier he must learn to become a cipher; and that till he was destitute of feeling, as well as devoid of curiosity, and could only see, hear, and move at the will of his instructor, he would be continually catching a Tartar, or rather a Tartar would be continually catching him.

The professor next explained to us the true position of a soldier. This I imagined to consist in standing as if a poker had formed the *pièce de resistance* at my last meal, and in doing my best to stare the brick wall out of countenance. Of course, I was wrong. A great many more essentials constitute the orthodox military attitude. Corporal Tartar, whose peculiar pronunciation I shall not attempt to reproduce, thus enumerated them with distracting precision: "Shoulders square, heels close, knees braced, toes out, feet at an angle of sixty degrees, arms straight, elbows close, palms of the hands to the front, thumbs close, little finger touching the seam of the trowsers, body inclined forward, hips back, head up, eyes looking straight to the front, and the weight of the body on the flat of the foot." How was a trembling novice to comply with the conditions of this bewildering formula, which not only settled the precise angle which should be formed by the junction of his heels, but the exact point where his little finger should come in contact with his pantaloons? Tartar, too, who was evidently an enthusiast in his profession, would not bate a jot of his instructions, and poked and pulled us about till we had carried them out to the letter. "Don't stand bolt upright," he would say, "lean forward, you won't fall down if you're in the proper position." And when, in attempting to follow his suggestions, I did topple forward, he shouted triumphantly:—"*That's* not the position of a soldier, Number Eight." He was very disagreeable, too, about our stomachs. "Draw them stomachs in," he said, giving me a slight punch in the region named; "I don't want to see no stomachs." This was said in an injured tone, as if he thought we had no business with such things about us, and might have left them behind if we had been actuated by a proper military spirit. Tartar himself certainly appeared to have discarded all gastric encumbrance, for his anatomy was that of a pair of tongs. The blue nosed man also, who was as lean as a herring, found no difficulty in putting his ganglionic apparatus completely out of sight. But poor Number Nine, in his endeavor to render less conspicuous the part of his person so objectionable to the fastidious Tartar, doubled himself up till he had the appearance of a man suffering acute internal agony. Nothing, however, could abate his zeal and good-humor. He laughed perpetually, and I believe he would have tried to stand on his head if he had been told it was the right thing to do. When Corporal Tartar had arranged us to his satisfaction, walking backwards occasionally with his head on one side, as artists do before a picture, to notice the effect, and had dressed us into as good a line as our personal peculiarities would allow, he proceeded to instruct us in the more active duties of the military profession.

The first duty of a soldier, according to the Tartarian code, is to "stand at ease." To obtain this perpendicular comfort, it is necessary to "carry forward the left foot six inches, toes to the left front, weight of the body on the right leg, left knee bent, bring the hands smartly together in front of the body, and slip the right hand over the back of the left." The principal object of the manœuvre appeared to consist in twelve pair of hands coming together with a loud clap at exactly the same moment of time. Our first attempt was, I confess, an egregious failure. There were, at least, seven different reports instead of one. It was like file-firing, Tartar said, whereas it should have been a volley. "That's not the way to stand at ease," he growled in a disgusted tone; and he was perfectly right, for I never felt more uneasy in my life. "Bring them 'ands together like one, and let me *hear* 'em—don't be afraid of 'urting yourselves. Now, then, spring up smartly at the word Attention, and cut away them 'ands with life. 'Shun! What *are* you about, Number Eight?" I had not "sprung up"—that was what Number Eight was about. How was I to know that the monosyllabic sound of "'shun" was the military abbreviation of "attention?" I mistook it for a sneeze, especially as Tartar accompanied it with a jerk of the body and a hideous grimace. However, I was ready next time, and sprung up with such alacrity, that if I had not tumbled against my stout comrade, I should have lost my balance. "Easy, Number Eight," said the professor this time—"don't *over* do it. Now, then, try that stand-at-ease again, and all together, mind."

When we had arrived at something like precision, and our hands were tingling with incessant concussion, we went through an elaborate series of gymnastic performances, called the Extension Motions. The purpose of these eccentric evolutions, Corporal Tartar informed us, was to open our chests, and give us a military carriage; but the loss of personal dignity involved in their execution was so great, that I confess I should have preferred to keep my chest shut, and to have dispensed with a carriage. Such acrobatic manœuvres are more suitable for the Bounding Brothers of the Pyrenees, in their salmon-colored tights and spangles, than for a respectable father of a family, whose waistcoats undergo perennial expansion at the hands of his tailor. However, I manfully went through the performance, stimulated by the example of my panting neighbor, Number Nine, to whom the physical exertion of such feats must have been a serious inconvenience. In the first practice, after we had executed several curious telegraphic motions with extended arms, we were told to touch our feet with the tips of our fingers without bending our knees. This ridiculous exploit, though perfectly easy to Number Seven—who, I believe, could have touched his toes with his elbows, or even with his eyebrows, if necessary—was a complete impossibility to me and Number Nine. By severe effort, which broke my braces, and brought on a sensation of incipient apoplexy, I reached to within a foot of my Balmorals; but the utmost that my fat friend could effect was to put his hands on his knees, and shake his great sides till his face was perfectly *mauve* with suppressed laughter. He looked like an enormous frog, and, indeed, our whole appearance must have been, as reporters say, highly suggestive—a row of gentlemen in very short tunics, in a standing semi-inverted position, must have formed an impressive tableau, that can be better imagined than described.

In the second practice we were made to clap our hands in front of our noses at the word "One," and force them violently behind our backs at the word "Two." "Continue the motion!" bellowed Tartar, and we swung our arms wildly like so many direction-posts gone mad, till our shoulder-blades cracked like detonating balls, and the buttons of our tunics flew about in showers. This was the chest-opening business, and most effectually it answered its purpose. When it was over, my chest not only felt wide open, but was so strained and hampered, that I feared it would never be of any use to me again.

In the third, and, happily, the last practice, we clenched our fists, and whirled them insanely round our heads, as an excited drover attempts to turn a refractory herd of oxen. If a foreigner had been present, the singular spectacle of twelve gentlemen voluntarily converting themselves into animated windmills for the good of their country, would have given him an exalted idea of British patriotism. Blood, even, was shed in our enthusiasm, for Number Six, losing his distance in the excitement of the moment, brought his knuckles into violent contact with Number Seven's nose. This little casualty brought the Extension Motions to a close, and the result of such severe calisthenic exercises may be imagined. For my part, I gasped with exertion; my hair was dishevelled, my dress was damaged, my whole personal economy was deranged, and a general sensation pervaded my body that I was thoroughly out of joint. On comparing notes with my neighbors, I observed that my blue-nosed friend was not altogether unruffled; indeed, his wounded feature was bleeding freely, and had changed his herculean hue for an angry purple. The author of the misfortune regarded his handiwork in rueful perplexity. Number Nine was thoroughly disorganized as to his dress, and revelled in a state of jovial liquefaction. The rest of the squad were breathless and subdued. Corporal Tartar surveyed us with grim satisfaction.

When we had recovered our equanimity, and our wounded man could dispense with his pocket-handkerchief, the professor put us through our "facings." This process, though tedious, was an exercise of memory rather than muscle. It was terribly puzzling to remember the exact amount of revolution necessary for the "right face" or the "left half-face," or the "right-about three-quarters face," and *vice-versa*. As Tartar facetiously remarked, when we got the word "right-about face," we always went to the wrong-about. Instead of all facing in one direction, two gentlemen found themselves *vis-a-vis*, two others were *dos-a-dos*, and all looked to different points of the compass, like weather-cocks on a gusty day. While we were thus learning how, as children say, to "make faces," I also learned a curious anatomical fact that is worthy of record. Few people are aware that they have a ball in each of their large toes. "At the word 'Right-about face,'" said Corporal Tartar, "place the ball of the right toe against the left heel. At the word 'Left-about face,' place the right heel against the ball of the left toe." And not only are our toes thus spherically furnished, but our feet are similarly supplied. "At the word 'Right-about three quarters face,' bring the ball of the right foot—not the ball of the toe, mind," said Tartar, knowingly—"bring the ball of the right foot to the left heel." In fact, according to the professor, every one carries a couple of foot-balls about with him. This is, I think, an interesting piece of information, that should be included by Mr. Timbs in his next edition of *Things not generally Known*.

But the *ne plus ultra* of military singularity, and the *pons asinorum* of military education, is decidedly the goose-step. The object of this extraordinary performance is, we were instructed, "to teach the soldier the free movement of his legs, preserving at the same time perfect squareness of shoulders, and the utmost steadiness of body." With this view the novice is made to stand for an indefinite period on one leg; a constrained position, which naturally depresses his corresponding shoulder, and produces a motion of his body like a ship in a gale of wind. The surprising manner in which that Dutch-built, and heavy-laden vessel, Number Nine, pitched and rolled and heaved when he attempted his manœuvre, the *very* "free movement" of his great fat leg as he kicked it about in the air, the wild way in which he swayed his arms like a boy on a slide, and, finally, the helpless manner in which he tottered, foundered, and came heavily down on two legs, formed a sight at which even the stern Tarter relaxed. The great secret of the goose-step, I discovered, was to keep the knee perfectly rigid. "Brace them knees" was the burden of the professors' advice, as we successively failed to maintain the anserine attitude for more than a few seconds at a time. "All you have to do, is to brace them knees firm." Unfortunately, we each had a flexible joint at the very part where perfect rigidity was required. In fact, the only people who, in this respect, can hope to make complete geese of themselves, are men with wooden legs. But though we made only a bungling attempt to acquire the ease and steadiness of our ornithological model, we *looked* the character to perfection. Anything more silly than our appearance, as we stood in a row with our feet tucked up behind us, it is impossible to imagine. But even a goose cannot stand on one leg for ever. When we were finally allowed to resume our natural position, the Rubicon of drill was passed. Our other exploits were achieved in the posture, and with the action common to ordinary bipeds. We marched, we wheeled, we changed our feet, and performed a variety of ingenious and bewildering evolutions. Our last attempt was to march in single file. I had to walk between my two neighbors, with my eyes fixed upon the back of Number Seven's head. In this position I was like the ham of a sandwich, and got dreadfully squeezed. The difficulty of file-marching consists in keeping the step. It is not important that you should keep it yourself, but if the man behind you is so awkward as to lose it, the result is exquisitely painful. Number Nine lacerated my ankles with his gigantic boots till the tears stood in my eyes, and I, in my turn, I fear, barked the heels of my blue-nosed friend unmercifully. This arduous and aggravating evolution brought the evening's entertainment to a close. The performance had been to me so new and strange, that I hurried home to chronicle my sensations. Here they are. The virgin experiences of a budding hero, with the bloom still on them. To-morrow, I daresay, their novelty will begin to wear off, and in a month I shall think no more of drill than I do of my dinner. By that time, I have no doubt, I shall make faces as well as the great Tartar himself, and shall even be able to copy nature to perfection in that unique pedestrian exercise, the goose-step.

## TILL DEATH.

Two hands held in one clasp,
Two hearts bound in one chain,
Two bosoms beating warm,
Loving, beloved again.

Two smiles of fervent faith
On each caressing cheek,
Two voices soft and low,
As whispering angels speak.

Two figures kneeling glad
Before the sacred shrine,
Two vows of mutual love
Exchanged in sight divine.

Two coffins, side by side,
Beneath the daisied sod,
Two spirits dwelling in
The perfect rest of God.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

☞ Bob F—— had long been paying the most devoted attentions to a young lady whose father had what is popularly known as the "rocks," when his attentions suddenly ceased, and of course every one was anxious to know the cause. Bob explained:

"You see, I knew she was rich, and I didn't think a bit the less of her for that; but, the truth of the matter is, she turned out to be a *say-Bob!*"

☞ The chairman of a political meeting, seeing a rowdy who was raising his arm to throw a stale egg at him, cried out—"Sir, your motion is out of order."

☞ Interesting.—"How is the market, neighbor?" "Very quiet." "Anything doing in cheese?" "Not a mite."

## THE CARTE DE VISITE.

Those to whom the photographic process does the greatest justice, are people, the proportions of whose faces are well-balanced, whose features rather err on the side of smallness than largeness, and who are not generally considered to be beautiful. It is possible to have symmetrical features, and a well-proportioned face, and yet fall very far short of beauty; and it is equally possible for a countenance to be wrong in some of its proportions, and leave an impression of beauty on our minds. But any one, in this last case, will be a great sufferer in going through the photographic process. As the two likenesses appear side by side in the album, they will astonish all who look at them. They thought the one was so much plainer a person than she here appears, and the other so much prettier.

There are many beauties of color and expression, which cannot be rendered by the agency of the camera. Color of hair, color of the complexion generally, of the lips, the cheeks, the eyes—all these go for nothing; and as to expression, the most expressive countenances suffer most, invariably; a little happy touch of expression is a phenomenon one hardly ever remembers to have seen caught in a photographic portrait. If the face be left to take its chance, so to speak, a heavy or mournful look is the usual result; and if any particular expression be attempted, it is almost sure to look like a grimace—a truth of which we constantly see illustrations in the portraits of those engaged in the theatrical profession, when some special expression has been attempted. People of mediocre abilities, as people of mediocre beauty, will come off best in sitting for their photographs. They will astonish us by looking so clever, as the others by looking so pretty.—Real genius and real beauty will often astonish us the other way. It is as difficult to give a man's outside, with all we know of it, in a portrait, as to produce a fair representation of his mind in a biography.

Those albums are fast taking the place, and doing the work of the long-cherished card-basket. That institution has had a long swing of it. It was a good thing to leave on the table, that your morning caller, while waiting in the drawing room till you were presentable, might see what distinguished company you kept, and what very unexceptionable people were in the habit of coming to call on you. But the card-basket was not comparable to the album, as an advertisement of your claims to gentility. The card of Mrs. Brown, of Peckham, would well to the surface, at times, from the depths to which you had consigned it, and overlay that of your favorite countess or millionaire. Besides, you could not, in so many words, call attention to your card-basket, as you can to the album. You place it in your friend's hand, saying: "This only contains my special favorites, mind," and there is her ladyship staring them in the face the next moment. "Who is this sweet person?" says the visitor. "Oh, that is dear Lady Puddicombe," you reply carelessly. Delicious moment!—*All the Year Round.*

Petrified Indian Eyes.—The Panama Star thus describes a new "curiosity" which has come to light in that region. It would rather have astonished the ancient Peruvians could they have known that their eyes would turn up in this enlightened age as an object of wonder:—

We have recently received through the kindness of a friend at Arica, Peru, a quantity of petrified Indian eyes taken from the Indian burying grounds in that neighborhood, which are probably as great a curiosity in their way as has ever come to light. The ball of the eye is exceedingly perfect, displaying the pupil and other parts so distinctly as at once to strike the observer. It is apparently of a hard, horny substance, and peels off in thin transparent flakes. The face of the eye present a reddish hue with yellow circles, and when reflected in the light it become brilliantly illuminated. The back part is of a bright glossy tinge, looking much like damaged pearl, but when the outer flakes are taken off, the entire eye becomes the color of bright amber, which it is easily mistaken for. These eyes are found at times loose inside the skulls, and at other times on the ground of the cave or grave, having fallen out after becoming dried up.

Ordering the Angels.—In the year 1350, Pope Clement VI. issued a bull granting plenary absolution of all sins to those who should visit Rome for the purpose. In a clause of this bull he speaks as follows:

"The Sovereign Pontiff, in virtue of the authority he holds from the Apostles, renews the souls of those who receive this indulgence to the same state they were in after baptism; and he orders the angels to introduce them immediately to Paradise, without obliging them on their way, thither to pass through Purgatory."—*Dobson's Life of Petrarch.*

☞ A Roman, being about to repudiate his wife, among a variety of other questions, was asked by her enraged kinsman, "Is not your wife a sensible woman? Is she not handsome?" In answer to which, slipping off his shoe, he held it up, asking them, "Is not this shoe a very handsome one? Is it not quite new? Is it not extremely well made? How, then, is it that none of you can tell me where it pinches?"

☞ The First Artillery (Regulars) went into the fight at Gaines' Hill on Friday—second day of the grand combat before Richmond—with 175 horses, and came out with only 18 of them alive. They were compelled, of course, to abandon their battery for lack of horses to draw it off the field.

☞ One of the neatest replies we ever heard of was that of a certain Earl Marshall, who, being found fault with by his sovereign for some misarrangement of a coronation, said, "Please, your Majesty, I will try and do better next time."

## SUMMER.

Lo! lazy Summer, swarthy, in the sun
  Lies panting, with bare breasts, upon the hills,
Swathing her limbs in hazes warm and dun,
Where splendors into dusky splendors run,
  And sultry glory all the Heaven o'erfills.

Not a white dimple stirs amid the corn,
  Not a low ripple shivers through the leaves;
Since, wrapped in gold and crimson gleams unshorn,
Came, flushing through the East, the regal morn.
  No throated twitterings gurgle round the eaves.

Flooded in sunny silence sleep the kine;
  In languid murmurs brooklets float and flow;
The quaint farm-gables in the rich light shine,
And round them jasmined honeysuckles twine,
  And close behind them sun flowers burn and blow.

Amid the growing heat I lie me down,
  And into visions swarms the moted air;
Gleams up before me many a famous town,
Pillared and crested with a regal crown
  Outshimmering in an orient purple glare;

Lo! lowly Tadmor, burning in its sands—
  Baalbeck and Babylon;—I see slow streams
Gliding by mosque and minaret,—see the gleams
Of seas in sunset—slips of strands,
  And drowsy Bagdad buried deep in dreams;—

See swarthy monarchs flushed in purple rings
  Of silken courtiers;—through half open doors,
Catch the spice odors, and the cool of springs
Leaping forever in a maze of wings;
  See light forms dancing over pearly floors;—

Sleeping Seraglios, spire and tremulous dome
  Winking in drowsy splendor all the day,—
See forest haunts where thick the lions roam,—
See thirsty panthers splashed in bloody foam
  Leap terrible as lightnings on their prey;

Or stand with Cortes on a mountain-peak
  Above the Aztec city,—see unrolled
Gem-threaded shores of Montezuma weak,—
See the white temples swarming thick and sleek
  And sunny streets stretch up by towers of gold;

See silken sails float by, ambrosial,
  Laden with spices, up a Persian glen;
Or stand on Lebanon, 'mid the cedars tall,
Or hear the soft and silver cadenced fall
  Of water down a jut of Darien.

But lo! a waking shiver in the trees,
  And voices 'mid the hay-cocks in the glen;
The sun is setting; and the crimson seas
Are shaken into splendor by the breeze,
  And all the busy world is up again!

# MY UNCLE'S CASHIER;

OR,

## Where There's a Will There's a Way.

"My dear Charles," it is a question for you, not for me—you must decide yourself; I can only state the conditions upon which that decision must be founded. If you go to college, you must go with a very small allowance indeed, and you must work hard for a fellowship of some kind, for I can leave you nothing, as you know that beyond a provision for your mother and the unmarried girls, I shall leave nothing behind me when I go. If you do go to college, you will enter a circle, the entering of which will multiply tenfold your chances of success in after life; it will give you a position in society of which nothing but bad conduct on your part can deprive you, and will put you in the fair road to become what I should like to see you—a scholar and a gentleman. If, on the other hand, you accept your uncle's offer, you will have a far larger allowance, as salary, than I can give you under any circumstances, the chance of succeeding him in a very good business, and soon becoming a man of some importance in the commercial world. I need say no more, you must choose for yourself; I shall want your answer to-morrow, in time to post; go and think it over. Don't say anything to your sisters, or they'll persuade you to go to Paris, for the chance of visiting you there."

Such was my father's address to me at the age of seventeen. It was a difficult question to decide—Oxford or Paris? Still I did decide, and next day announced that decision.

"I should prefer going to college, father, at all events."

"Glad to hear it, my boy, though the other course would have been the cheaper for me; still I am glad to hear it. I can't do much for you, but in sending you to college I can do more than I can in any other way. If there's anything in you, it will come out there; if not, you will not be spoilt for other things afterwards, so God speed you, my boy."

To college, therefore, I went, with only one more word of advice from my father. As I left the gate in the hired chaise for the station, he said:

"God bless you, my boy; if you mean to be anything, don't hear midnight strike too often."

Three years passed, and I was "getting on," as my mother used to tell her friends; and in a few months more I had hopes of getting something worth having in the shape of my degree with honors, and a fellowship. Alas! My hopes were vain. I had hardly returned to college at the end of my third long vocation when I received a telegram announcing my father's illness, and reached home too late to see him again alive. My college dreams were over—I had not a penny in the world—I must work for all I was to have.

My uncle now wrote to repeat his former offer. I joyfully accepted it, and a month after my father's death I was in Paris.

My uncle's house was in one of the small streets lying between the Rue Vivienne and the Rue Montmartre, just north of the Bourse. It was, as may be supposed from its situation, an old rambling place, with the banking offices on one side of the courtyard, and the residence on the other. The offices, the scene of my new duties, consisted of a suite of three rooms, communicating by swing doors; in the farthest sat my uncle, the next was the chief cashier's or clerk's, and the third the office proper. A counter stretched along the whole length of the room, and on top of the counter ran a high, strong, wire guard, with two or three small circular openings, through which the money was passed and papers were taken. Behind this guard I was to sit as third cashier or clerk. My uncle's business was that of a banker, bill discounter, and money-lender; and to judge by the rate at which he lived, he must for some years have employed a very large amount of capital, or have lent his money, at a little more than five per cent. interest.

My uncle having shown me the offices, took me over to the house.

"My daughter, Mr. Wardes,—Victorine, my dear, Mr. Wardes—a nephew of mine."

I looked at my cousin once and again—she was worth looking at—a most singular mixture of races was visible in her face. She had a high, broad, thoughtful, German forehead—a man's rather than a girl's—a delicate chin and mouth, with the small teeth so characteristic of the more highly organized French nature, and a nose and eyes unmistakably English in the clear bridged outline of the one, and the open, fearless gaze of the others. She was a curiosity—a new thing—and I determined to study Victorine, my cousin.

"You must dine with us, at six o'clock.—Where did you sleep last night?"

"At the Bedford."

"You'd better bring your trunks here;—your room is ready."

"Really, I had no idea that I was to live here."

"Where else, boy? Where else? Paris is not a cheap place for young men; you'll live here cheaper than anywhere else, more comfortably, perhaps, if you and Victorine don't quarrel."

This was more than I had hoped for, to find myself domiciled in my uncle's house. I thought he had done much in renewing his offer after my previous refusal, but this overcame me.

"I'm really very grateful to you for all your kindness."

"All right, my lad, all right. See and get your things here, or you'll be late for dinner."

At dinner I was introduced to the chief clerk, or rather, the manager of my uncle's business. Once or twice I noticed his eyes fix themselves on me in a way that gave me the idea of his measuring me. I felt annoyed at this; and I showed it a little, perhaps, in the tone of my voice as I answered his inquiries as to the practices of English commerce.

"Oh!" said my uncle, "he knows nothing about the matter, Monsieur Vernay. Ask him to recite to you a chorus from the 'Antigone,' and he'll repeat half the book; but of commerce—of banking—he knows nothing."

"We shall be able to teach him our system in a few years, if he shall stay so long with us."

"He'll stay longer than I shall, I dare say, M. Vernay."

"Let me hope not, M. Wardes, you are a young man yet; quite a young man."

"That may be, but I don't mean to spend all my life in your dear Paris, M. Vernay—Oh, no."

"Whatever comes, we shall do our best with the young gentleman to make him useful."

I felt angry and vexed at this conversation; though the hints thrown out by my uncle were plain enough, I did not like this contemptuous treatment from his manager.

Moreover, I noticed that M. Vernay paid most assiduous and graceful attentions to Victorine, who accepted them as a matter of course, and this made me still more inclined to dislike him.

My work was easy enough—too easy. I copied letters, paid away money, and did the work that belonged to my department as junior clerk. M. Vernay was careful to give me nothing to do that was not simplicity itself, and I was bored for want of something that might occupy my mind as well as my fingers. In the evenings I seldom went out, and was very content to spend my time with Victorine, who, on her part, seemed to think the evenings were pleasant enough to seem short; so, while papa dozed in his chair, Victorine and I talked and sang to our hearts' content.

M. Vernay came about once a week to dinner, and contrived then, and indeed at all times, to give my uncle the idea that I was in need of much teaching as regarded business matters.

"How many years do you think, Charles" (we were cousins, reader), "it will take you to learn to conduct papa's business?"

"How many months you mean, Victorine. These practical men, your father and M. Vernay, are greatly mistaken in their estimate of me; they fancy that because I never looked into a day-book or journal or ledger before I came here, I shall be years learning their use; it's a mistake of theirs. I have, ever since I was old enough to think, done little else but think, and discipline of this kind enables me to learn in a month what their undisciplined minds would require twelve for. As for M. Vernay, and his '*Système*,' as he calls it, it is a good one, and a workable one; but there are fifty methods of applying the same principles. He boasts that by his system, fraud is rendered impossible, because discovery is certain; he's wrong, and greatly wrong, and if I had access to his books, I believe I could prove to demonstration that it is so."

Victorine somewhat incautiously defended me the next time I was attacked, and repeated my remark that if I had access to his books I could prove fraud to be possible.

M. Vernay started, turned pale, and turned on me a glance that made me sure of two things: first, that this chance bolt had hit the mark—that there *was* fraud; and next, that if M. Vernay could put me out of his way he would not be very particular as to the means of doing it.

This one idea of fraud kept forcing itself before me constantly; M. Vernay's jealous care of particular books and keys, his constant endeavors to make my uncle take "one glass more" than was good for him, and the strange, suspicious-looking people who came to him first, and then drew out money from the bank, all compelled me to think of it. I was more than confirmed in my suspicions by an incident which occurred some few months after this idea first entered my mind.

I had lost myself in one of the Faubourgs rather late one evening, and entered a small, mean-looking restaurant to ask my way.—There were a number of men in the room, and as I glanced in a looking-glass I saw a face there was no mistaking—that of M. Vernay. He was sitting at one of the little round marble-topped tables, with two companions, with his face to the wall, and his side-face reflected in the glass. I saw him clearly, but from his position he could not see me. Instead of asking my way, I took a seat near the party, and took up the paper. They spoke in French and rapidly, in an under tone.

"I tell you," said Vernay, "it will not do; you always have to ask me before you draw, and unless you can do it in my way it cannot be done."

"Repeat," said one, "repeat; what is your way?"

"This," said Vernay; "I will give you a cheque now for 50,000 francs, with the Marquis de ———'s signature. Lizette will bring it; she must come in her carriage and cash it to-morrow—and—"

"That's it exactly"—and—"what are we to do?"

"Give me notes for 45,000 francs to-night."

"45,000—that is only 5,000 francs, and a carriage and horses, and Lizette's dress—it is too little; besides, we have not got the money; I like the old way best; I will come as usual."

"You cannot do that without risk of discovery. That prying English nephew is suspicious—he has the eyes of an eagle—an owl I ought to say, for he sees in the dark."

"Can't you quiet him? There is water under all the bridges of the Seine, still."

"He's too happy for that; happy men don't drown themselves."

"Does he go out at night? An appointment with a pretty girl might tempt him."

"Not at all—he's in love with Victorine."

"That is serious, Vernay—she was to be yours."

"That may be, yet. Now, will you have it, or shall I go to Hamburger, and make him the offer?"

The two consulted for a moment, and one of them left the room. In a few minutes he returned (I was deeply absorbed in the paper which completely hid my face;) he said to his companion—

"I have it."

"You're agreed, then?"

"Yes. Where is the cheque?"

Vernay drew from his pocket-book a blank cheque, filled it for 50,000 francs, and dated it.

"Now the notes. All good?"

"All good! To be sure."

Vernay looked carefully at the notes, and then, signing the cheque, handed it over to his companions.

"What time?"

"Oh, at two; and tell her not to talk too much."

He rose and left the room with his companions. I hardly knew when I saw the table vacant whether I had dreamt it or not, I looked at the table, and there was nothing that would help me to realize the truth; but under the table lay a piece of paper. I pounced upon it, and found that it was a piece of blotting paper similar to that I had used in the office, and on it was the thickened impression of the signature of the cheque. I reached home in a state of anxiety that may easily be imagined, and found my uncle rather worse than usual. He was always a little "comfortable," as kind wives say, towards evening; to-night he was asleep in his arm-chair, and snoring violently. Victorine came down, hearing I had come in.

"Charles, what is the matter with you—you look so ill and pale. What has happened? Do, pray, tell me; so cold, too. Come up-stairs, there's a fire in the drawing-room."

She made me go with her—made me take some brandy, and then again asked me what was the matter. I told her. We had reached that delicious stage of affection, when, though nothing has been said, it is felt by both, that there is but one interest between them. She was almost incredulous at my narration of the incident, as I was myself, of having witnessed the scene. I showed her the blotting-paper, and it convinced her.

"It's no use telling my father to-night, he has such confidence in M. Vernay that he will not believe it; you must tell him in the morning."

I told him in the morning what I had heard and seen.

"My dear nephew, you must have been very drunk, or else—no, that is not possible; your father's child could not get drunk. I do, myself, sometimes; but he could not deliberately lie. No, my dear Charles, M. Vernay is an old and tried servant of mine, and I will not believe you. I will not insult him by it. You were drunk, sir, very drunk. Don't let me hear of it again."

I went to my desk an hour afterwards. M. Vernay came in with my uncle.

"Charles, did you balance your cash last night?"

"Yes, sir. I always do."

"It was right?"

"Quite right."

"There's a mistake somewhere," said M. Vernay. "There is missing a sum of 1,000 francs."

"It can't be in my accounts, uncle; for here is the book, and here is the balance to correspond."

"True."

"Let me cast it," said Vernay.

He did—520, 346.

"Try that, M. Wardes—I do not make it correct. I make it more."

I cast it again, and it was more by just 1,000 francs. I cast it again—521, it was. My uncle cast it—521, it was.

"How is this, Charles? you said you made the balance right. Did you look at your cash last night?"

"I did. I can assert that the balance last night in the book and the cash-box was the same. I can prove it. I posted it, according to M. Vernay's system, in the daily balance-book."

"It is 520 here, M. Wardes."

He handed the book to my uncle. The door opened.

"Well, Francois, what is it?"

"Only that I shall give this to Monsieur Wardes. I have found it in his chamber."

He held out a paper to me; it was a note for 1,000 francs.

"Charles, my boy, you should let me know when you want money. M. Vernay, see those books are corrected." And my uncle walked away.

How the day went I do not know. I noticed, however, that M. Vernay once or twice went down to the strong room and brought up some books, and that no woman came for money.

About five o'clock M. Vernay came to me, after the other clerk and my uncle had gone, and said:

"M. Wardes, we have been looking at the accounts of Madame la Marquise———; will you help me to carry down these books? the porter has gone; I am rather late."

I took the books and followed him down into the basement. He unlocked the outer gate of the outer safe, where the general books were kept, and passed through to the inner safe in which were kept the deeds and valuable securities on which my uncle lent money; this was separated from the outer safe by an iron gate in the day time, and at night by a solid fire-proof door.

He put his books on the shelf, and requested me to put mine on the same shelf in the proper order. The numbers on the backs were almost illegible, and I was some time, even in the strong gas-light, trying to read them.

"Can I help you, M. Wardes?"

"No, thank you, I've just done."

I put up the last book, and turned to go. The heavy door swung rapidly on its hinges—I heard the spring catch, and the key turn, and I was in black darkness.

"M. Vernay! M. Vernay! The door is shut."

"I know it," said his voice, muffled by its thickness; "you have access to all my books now."

I heard the heavy clash of the door of the outer safe, and then silence, as deep as death, was round me. I did not swoon or faint. I felt I was the victim of a most horrible trick; it was nothing more—I should be released in the morning, and I would make him repent it. I heard, presently, a hissing sound—it continued; presently I smelt gas. I should never see the morning. I should be stifled with the gas—the plan was clear before me now. An accident—no one knew I helped him with the books—he did not know I was in the safe, and he shut the door. It was purely one of those accidents that will happen.

Still the gas hissed, like a serpent before its fatal spring. I must stop that. I felt round the walls for the burner, and soon found it. There was no tap! I remembered now, the tap was in the outer safe, and the gas was lighted in the inner one by a long stick between the bars of the gate. My fingers stopped it in a moment, but I could not keep my finger there always. I tried, and the arm became so tired of the contracted position above my head, that I could not keep my finger over it to save my life. I thought of some other plan! To light it—alas! I did not smoke, I had no means to do it; and if I had it would only have consumed the air, every inch of which was precious as life itself. At last I thought of something that would do; I tore some corners off the leaves of a book, chewed them into a pulp, and put it over the holes in the tube, pressing it in hard—the hissing ceased. I climbed the shelves, and smelt round the burner—I had one foe the less. I then began to think seriously as to the chances of the air lasting me till released in the morning. In the morning? this was—oh, God! Saturday! Saturday! Sunday, Monday—two nights and a whole day! There was no hope! I might have lived till morning, but on Sunday there was no business done, and my absence would be easily accounted for by that horrible mistake in my books.

Two nights and a day—how many hours? To Sunday night at five, twenty-four. To Monday morning at ten, seventeen. Forty-one long hours! Forty-one hours! There was not air enough to last me ten! I felt round the door; it was all but air proof. If I could make them hear! It was impossible; the house was the other side of a noisy courtyard—I must die! And Victorine! No, no,—ten thousand times no! I must live—I will live.

I bethought me of my old store of knowledge. How long could I live without fresh air? How many hours had I in which to reach it? I paced the length and breadth of the room—I measured its height, and found that by breathing only twenty times a minute I might live for thirteen hours; that would be till six o'clock on Sunday morning; and after that I must have air—air was life. I must bore through the walls, the lock was impregnable. The walls of brick would yield to tools. Tools! mockery! I had but a pen-knife—a toy—and I had thirteen hours to get through a wall at least two feet thick. It was a work of years, not hours. Tools! A long pointed bar and a hammer. I remembered to have seen a mason boring through a wall at my father's with such tools. My pen-knife was two inches long. The gas-burner! I tried it; it was soft brass, my knife cut it readily. It might work through beside the gas-pipe. The man surely bored a larger hole than the pipe would fill. I felt the pipe where it went through the wall, and then pricked the wall with my knife; the cement with which the hole had been filled round the pipe was harder than the wall itself.

In tracing my way round the room my hand touched the gate. I was saved! I never felt such a sensation as when my hand touched that gate. It was rapture! bliss! I had despaired—I was now full of hope. I passed my hand carefully over the gate; I felt one of the bars, they were of round iron, about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and after running through the framework of the gate were pointed at the end. But to get them out of that framework! I pulled one. It yielded a little, and then mocked at my efforts. I must have a hammer. I felt carefully round the walls again. The shelves were all let into the walls—there was nothing! I felt again, and close to the gate the shelf had been cut away to allow the gate to roll back, and the shelves were supported on brackets. If those brackets were wrought iron I was helpless—cast-iron might save me yet. I felt them carefully and compared them; if they were wrought, they would be unlike in some points—if cast, alike in all. I knew now what the touch of the blind must be, so full of instruction to the mind.

They were cast-iron, not a trace of difference could be found. One more sign and I was certain; if cast, they would be cast in a mould, and there would be a slight roughness in the casting where the halves of the mould had been joined. I felt again. There was the roughness—the same in both. And now to break them off. A blow, a heavy blow, alone could do it. I remembered to have noticed, when putting away the books, a small chest of apparently solid iron on one of the shelves. I sought for it and found it; it was heavy, nearly the fourth of an hundredweight I thought. I poised it carefully, and felt I had strength enough to throw it with an aim. I cleared away the books from the slate shelf which rested on one of these brackets, and then measuring carefully the distance, threw the chest on to it. It fell short, and crashed on the floor.

Once more I tried, and this time successfully. The missile smashed the shelf into pieces. I kicked and beat away the smaller fragments till the bracket stood out from the wall by itself. And now came the test of my skill. If I threw once at the bracket in that black darkness, I threw twenty times or more; at last, one fortunately-directed blow, and I had the joy of hearing it ring on the pavement of the room.

I had now a hammer—awkward, it is true; still a tool that would give a blow with a certain force.

I struck again and again at the bars of the gate, they yielded as the other had done and then were fast. I sank down exhausted with my useless efforts. Why did they not yield? I could give no more force to the blow—to throw the chest at them would be useless; the size would spread the blow over two or three of the bars, and the force would be lost. I must cut through one of the bars in the middle and thus wrench out the half I needed. How had I seen men cut through iron? With files—I could not hope for these. I remembered to have heard of prisoners who cut through iron bars with a watch spring—by what horrible fatality was my watch at that moment in the case on my dressing-table. A watch spring—a thin piece of steel. Would iron do? It might. In almost less time than it takes to tell, I had broken up one of the sheet-iron deed boxes, and by carefully bending a piece of it backwards and forwards on the sharp edge of the chest I had used as a missile, I obtained a strip about the length of my hand, and two fingers broad, and with this I commenced sawing one of the bars. Half an hour's hard work produced no impression on the bar, and had turned up the edge of the soft sheet-iron on both sides.

If it had been a question of saws, I could have turned ten deed boxes into a hundred saws to cut through that one bar. Alas! it was no such thing, the saw would not cut; and then sprung up before me the vision of a large yard with blocks of stone and the motion to and fro of the suspended saw of the stone sawyer, and his little trickling water barrel and heap of sand. Once more I went to work. I broke off a corner of one of the stone shelves (the lower ones were of stone, the upper of slate), pounded it fine with my hammer, and then wetting the edge of the saw with saliva, I strewed the pounded stone upon it. I felt the saw become steadier and steadier, and at last I could feel with my nail a little nick in the bar. I worked for nearly three hours at this one bar, changing my saw when it was worn hollow for another and another till I had worn out six of them. I was nearly through—another half hour, and I should be quite through; yet it might break off with a blow—it might—and it might leave a ragged end to my chisel that would destroy half the force of my blows when I came to bore through the wall; I would not strike, but kept on patiently, and at last the saw went through. I seized the end, and in a few minutes I held in my hand the instrument of my deliverance.

The air of the room had by this time become close and stifling, and it was only by stopping that I could breathe freely.

I had still, as far as I could judge, some five hours left—in those I must accomplish my deliverance or die.

I now commenced sounding with my hammer for the least solid part of the wall.

In striking it on a part nearly opposite the shelves cut out for the gate, I thought I heard it sound hollow, I struck it again and again without success; it all seemed alike. Once more I determined to strike over the whole space I had previously struck; this I did, and found the spot about the size of a penny piece from which the sound came. I then carefully felt the wall in the neighborhood, and found a rough indented line ran from this place round the angle of the wall, and on the wall in the same line were three small holes in a circle. I decided at once that this was the place of some burner fixed, and afterwards removed; the rough line was the mark left by the pipe, and the hollow place must be the hole through which the old pipe entered the room. I drove the chisel into the place and found it hard—very hard, but still hollow. My life now hung upon the choice of a right place; if this hole was filled up with the hard cement, and the difference of sound arose merely from difference in density, then I had better try the wall over for a brick softer than the rest; but if it was not full—if those who should have filled it had put but a few inches of cement at each end of the hole; then in another hour I was as safe as if I were free. I would risk it. That hollow sound was so cheery, that I *would* believe that it must be a true guide.

Blow after blow, and the hole grew deep, and my progress less as my control over the point of the instrument lessened, when one sudden, sharp blow drove the chisel into the wall the length of my arm. The place was hollow. I had now but to drive it through the crust of cement on the outer wall, and I should live. I drove it cautiously and carefully, and at last heard the echo of the pieces falling on the other side, and drawing out the chisel, felt the air rush in. How can words convey the sensation I experienced as I drew in the God-given breath of life. I could now defy Death; there was a fountain at which I might drink and live.

For hours I sat close to the hole and breathed, and then fell asleep. I know not how long I slept, but I awoke sore and tired, and with a horrible hunger and thirst on me. I could not have many more hours to stay, so I hoped on, and tightened my belt to ease the gnawing pain at my stomach. And now began the horrors of solitude; while I had employment for the mind, I felt no pain of any kind now; I was going mad with anxiety and fear. I must find some employment. And what? in this utter darkness. But if darkness, why not light? Yes, I would have light. For this I must enlarge the hole, and went to work again with blistered hands, and in two hours had enlarged it to twice its original diameter, and had consequently four times as much air flowing in.

My next step was to grate from the edges of a book a paper powder for tinder, and spreading this on the ground in a heap, I struck with the point of my hammer the stone shelf above it. The sparks flew about at the contact, but it was at least an hour before one lodged in the heap and set it smouldering. I watched anxiously as the little red ring grew larger and brighter in the heap, and then applying a piece of thin paper rolled to a fine point to the centre of the ring, I gently blew the redness into flame—yes, flame! Real flame, that blinded me by its brightness, that seemed to pierce my brain with a sword, so long and deep had been the darkness.

I took my paper stop from off the gas and heard the serpent hiss once more—this time without fear. I lit the issuing gas, and then sat looking at it as Bartimeus might have done in the joy of his new-found sight.

I had done—I had light and air; but still I must have employment or I should rave.

Employment. The thought came to me of that unfortunate sentence that had caused me to run this risk: "If I had access to his books, I would prove that fraud was possible."

There they were—every one; not one missing. Could I prove it? Could—I must—my good name depended on proving it. If he were true, I was false. I set to work, and with my pencil, which I happily had with me, I went through account after account, from beginning to end, and well was I rewarded; for I learnt that my uncle, supposed to be rich, had been systematically robbed for years by this scoundrel, and was now almost ruined: and that his daughter's portion, invested in English securities, had been sold out, and the interest paid by M. Vernay himself, so that father and daughter were at the mercy of this man.

These facts I learned from a small locked book that was in a box marked with M. Vernay's name. So confident had the servant been of his master's trust in him, that he had left in that master's safe the whole of the securities of his nefarious investments, and there they were, with a systematic account of them in this locked book; so that while the master, who was supposed to be worth his hundreds of thousands, was almost a bankrupt, his clerk was a man of immense wealth.

When I broke the lock of that book, and read down its columns, I felt a joy and a pleasure that would have enabled me again to endure what I had suffered, if it would have led to the same result.

I made notes of the whole affair, and took the securities into my possession, and then calmly waited long, long hours; I could not tell how long, for I was waked up from a kind of stupor by the sound of a door opening, and then I heard the voice I knew so well—that of M. Vernay.

"You need not stay; I can bring up all I need. Give me a lucifer."

He was speaking to the porter. I heard the muffled-sounding footsteps; I heard the key turn in the lock; and then, as the door opened, I stood face to face with my foe, and where he expected to find darkness and death he found light and life. He saw me—saw, in my hand, his book that contained the secrets of a lifetime, with the lock forced—saw his schemes defeated, and himself an outcast. It was too much for his mind. He shrieked a cry of mingled horror and fear, and fell forward in the doorway as if he were dead.

I went up stairs to the office, said to the porter,—"M. Vernay is below in the strong room: go down and see to him," and went over to the house.

I suffered a long illness, during the whole of which Victorine was my nurse, and thanks

to that, and a good constitution, I recovered, and got up such a clear case against M. Verney, that the whole of the property I had rescued was restored to my uncle.

To M. Verney, this was a matter of indifference, for his mind never recovered the shock, and he spent the short remainder of his life in a criminal lunatic asylum.

The mistake of the thousand francs was easily explained by the application of a magnifying glass to the figures. He had cleverly altered the *one* to a *nought*, and bribed Francois to put the missing note into my room.

Need I add that I am now in possession of my uncle's business, and blessed by my Victorine's constant presence; and further, that the present strong-room can be opened from the inside with perfect ease?

A. STEWART HARRISON.

## English Opinion of American Affairs.

[We copy the following letter from an English correspondent of the *Philadelphia Press* because it bears on its face the evidence of having been written by a calm, clear sighted, sound-judging man; one whose testimony is worth having as to the real state of feeling in England.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post*]

LONDON, July 5, 1862.

"What are the real sentiments of the English *people* as to our affairs?" This was a question which, previous to leaving America, I had frequently heard asked, and to which very different and contradictory answers were given.

It was admitted on all hands that, under whatever pretence of neutrality disguised, the Government and aristocracy were decidedly hostile in their feelings to the national cause; but by many it was contended that the great majority of the British nation—its bone and sinew, its working, mercantile, and even educated and wealthy classes under the nobility, and especially the *religious* portion of the community—were our warm and decided friends. I had seen this latter statement reiterated time and again by the foreign correspondents of many of our most influential journals, and especially those of the religious press.

When I arrived in England, now several months, I determined to keep the object of discovering the real sentiments and feelings of its people on this subject steadily in view, and employ every means in my power for the accomplishment of that purpose. Since then I have mixed freely with all the different classes of society to which I could obtain access—workingmen, traders, mechanics, ministers, physicians, barristers, artists, naval and military officers, &c., &c., in steamboats, railroad cars, hotels, private residences, shops, warehouses, offices, and places of public resort. In order to draw them out, I have introduced the subject wherever propriety would admit, and expressed my own views without reserve, as well as endeavored by statement, inquiry, and discussion, to elicit theirs. If there were any great differences of opinion, I might still be in doubt, and express my convictions with reserve and hesitancy. But, as far as I can discover, no such difference exists. That there are exceptions, and that in some places they may be numerous, is not disputed, but the general statement now about to be made may, I think, be relied upon with the utmost certainty.

*The sympathies of the English people are with the so-called Southern Confederacy. They cordially desire its ultimate triumph, and firmly believe in it.* Ten out of every twelve with whom I have conversed have either openly avowed or strongly indicated such sympathy, and uttered such opinion. Many of these declared that, during the earlier stages of the conflict, they were strongly with the North, but their feelings and views had undergone a complete change, and this was the case with a large number of their acquaintances and friends. I have heard this from anti-slavery men formerly of the most decided type, from ministers of the Gospel, and even from members of the Society of Friends, whose testimony heretofore has been so consistently borne against war and slavery. I have confessed that it was a mystery which I could not understand as to the reason of their Southern proclivities. In reply various grounds were assigned at different times, and by different persons. That the South was the weaker, was, by some, considered sufficient reason. It was natural that their sympathies should be aroused in behalf of the weaker against the stronger, and, indeed, it was unavoidable. Yet, with a strange inconsistency, it was by no means admitted that the South had proved inferior in skill or strength, and it was confidently asserted that it was impossible to subdue her. Indeed, I have heard it broadly affirmed by those who ought to have known better, that in every conflict where the conditions were anything like equal, the Southern armies had proved victorious.

Again: the English people cannot be made to believe that the slavery question has anything to do with this contest. They assert that it is altogether a question of tariff and territorial supremacy. Many, in conversation with me, have gone so far as to say that they believe slavery would be sooner abolished in a recognised Southern Confederacy than if the war should end in a reconstruction of the Union. When pointed to the acts of the present Administration accomplishing its immediate curtailment, and looking to its ultimate destruction, they reply that this course has unwillingly been forced upon it, and is only intended as a bid for the sympathy and cooperation of foreign nations. When the declarations of the Southern leaders, strongly endorsing the system of slavery and making it the acknowledged corner-stone of their political fabric, are repeated in their hearing, they doubt or deny them altogether, or say that they are merely the expression of individual sentiment, and are not to be taken as intimating the animus of their Government. It is, indeed, singular how incredulity, and ingenuity in distorting every occurrence to their favor and our detriment, prevail.

There are some who come out at once without concealment or circumlocution, and acknowledge that they would like to see the United States humbled and curtailed in her power and resources, as she has always been arrogant and unjust towards England, and sympathized with her enemies in the Crimean war and the Canadian insurrection.

All these different classes, when asked to assign their reasons for their belief in the ultimate success of the South, inform us that they are united and desperate; that six millions of people can never be conquered; that if compelled to submit for the present, they will watch every opportunity to avenge themselves; that the expense of keeping them in subjection will utterly impoverish the North, &c., &c. It is not necessary to indicate the replies which were given to these statements, as they would be familiar to all who may read this article.

Now, as to the *manner* in which these sentiments were expressed, it is cheerfully admitted that, usually, it was gentlemanly and courteous. Many believed, or affected to believe, that really the United States would be greatly benefitted by acknowledging the Southern Confederacy. In their opinion, she would become more compact and powerful, and expand much more rapidly in all the elements of a prosperous civilization with a less extended territory, disconnected with the incubus of slavery and all its attendant social and political evils. Generally they expressed themselves with earnestness, indeed, but with entire civility and the absence of acrimony. Yet this was not always the case. Sometimes such sentiments were uttered in a very offensive manner. A few days after my arrival I was getting shaved in a barber-shop. A customer who was undergoing the tonsorial operations, soon finding out I was an American, began abusing us in the most contemptible and contemptuous manner. The Northerners were a nation of swindlers and robbers, acting under false pretences, and guilty of the greatest barbarities. Of course, self-respect prevented the utterance of a single word in reply, and being permitted to go on without let or hindrance, he became still more excited and vituperative, until, still muttering as he went, he took up his hat and walked out, going, no doubt, to boast to his friends how he had given me a piece of his mind, and silenced the American. But in general, it is acknowledged with great pleasure, however tenaciously an Englishman held his opinion, it was advanced in courteous terms, and discussed with personal politeness.

It ought also to be distinctly said that though there is great suffering in many parts of England, owing to the state of things in America, and a general desire for the success of the Southern arms, *there is equally as strong a desire and determination on the part of both Government and people to avoid all intervention, either peaceable or warlike.* It is thought that intervention would lead to war, and that would be very generally deprecated. As a general thing, though confident of their own military strength and skill, I do not think there is any disposition to underrate ours, or hold us an enemy to be despised, in case we should unfortunately become one. It is true that, at a table d'hote, I heard an Englishman tell another that though we had an army of seven hundred thousand, and they but two hundred thousand, one British soldier was a match any day for five of ours, and one hundred thousand of them could easily subdue us, and make us cry upon our knees for peace. But this person was, no doubt, an ignorant braggadocio, such as are to be found in all lands, and by no means a fair representative of Elglish sentiment and feeling.

To all the foregoing remarks, one striking exception must be made. *In a single instance only do I remember any person who, previous to these troubles, had spent any time in the United States as visitors, or travelled at all extensively through them, but who unreservedly and warmly espoused our side of the quarrel.* And these friends are among the best educated and most intelligent classes—physicians in large practice and Gospel ministers of great talents and usefulness.

I have thus endeavored briefly and succinctly to give a statement of English feelings and opinions in reference to American affairs. At first, such unanimity of sentiment against the just expectations which the former anti-slavery views of the British nation had raised, were surprising and unaccountable. But I am not now so much inclined to wonder, when I find that, with very few and comparatively unimportant exceptions, the public press in this country has constantly and persistently misled the people; and that consequently, as to the *facts* of the case, even the best and most highly educated minds here are laboring under the grossest misapprehensions. Opinions formed under such circumstances could not possibly be correct.

ITINERANT.

SAVAGE EXPEDIENT TO OBTAIN WATER.—Livingstone, the African traveller, describes an ingenious method by which the Africans obtain water in the desert. The women tie a bunch of grass to one end of a reed, about two feet long, and insert it in a hole dug as deep as the arm will reach, then ram down the wet sand around it. Applying the mouth to the free end of the reed, they form a vacuum in the grass beneath, in which the water collects, and in a short time rises to the mouth. It will be seen that this simple and truly philosophical and effectual method might have been applied in many cases, in different countries, where water was greatly needed, to the saving of life. It seems wonderful that it should have been now first known to the world, and that it should have been habitually practised in Africa probably for centuries. It seems worthy of being particularly noticed, that it may no longer be neglected from ignorance. It may be highly important to travellers in our deserts and prairies, in some parts of which water is known to exist below the surface of the earth.

☞ When a fish is wounded, others fall upon and devour him. There's some human nature in fishes.

## THE GOLDEN RULE OF WAR.

The Count Gurowski has published an article entitled "War," in which he contends that it has one cardinal, absolute rule—"Rapidity of Movement." This has been illustrated by the success of Burnside, Pope, Curtis and Mitchell, on our side, and by that of Price and Jackson (to say nothing of Ashby) on the other. The deepest humiliations we have suffered have resulted from an opposite policy, witness Bowling Green, Corinth, Manassas, Yorktown and Richmond. Says the Count:—

"To rapidity of movement all the great captains owe their fame, their victories and conquests, recorded in history. From Cyrus down to Stonewall Jackson, rapidity of movement and its result, surprise of the enemy, assured all the victories. Justness of eye, quickness in appreciating the exigencies on a given field of battle, rapidity to profit by the eventful faults of the enemy, insight into the enemy's aims, and, finally, the inspiration of the moment, this highest gift and attribute of a military genius, all are corollaries to the above-named golden rule. Always all-deciding, all-powerful, it remained the same with the various tactics. It was decisive for the Macedonian phalanx, for the Roman legions, and for our modern regiments, brigades and divisions.

"To his lightning-like rapidity of movements Alexander the Great was indebted, not only for his victories on the Granicus and on the plains of Arbela, but also those conquests from the Nile to Bactria and Indus. Hannibal surprised the Romans by the rapidity of his march from Spain to Italy, and by that other with which he pounced upon them on the Ticino, at Trasimene, at Cannæ. Any one familiar with Cæsar's annals admires the almost unsurpassed rapidity with which he moved his legions in Gallia—a country then without roads—and afterward in all parts of the world or the Roman Empire.

"Gustavus of Sweden, with a force of about 30,000 men, moved in all directions of Germany, between the Rhine and the Elbe, dealing blow after blow at his panic-stricken enemies.

"Charles XII. for years owed his success to his restless military mobility. Frederick the Great, a sovereign of about 4,000,000 of subjects, had at one time on his hands, France, Austria, Russia and Saxony, with an aggregate of about 63,000,000 of inhabitants. With his little army he moved, shuttle-like, from Brandenburg to Silesia, Bohemia and Saxony, hoarding and whipping his numerous enemies.

"Napoleon terrified the Old World by the torrent-like rapidity with which he rushed from the Alps, flying rather than marching from the frontiers of France to those of Istria and Tyrol. His campaigns of Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz and Jena are one uninterrupted consecration of the golden rule. When Napoleon's rapid movements were crowned by taking Mack and his army prisoners at Ulm, the French soldiers taunted their leader by saying that hitherto he had won battles with their arms, but now he won them with their legs. Our only successes are won by the rapid movements of Pope, Grant, Mitchell and Morgan (in Tennessee), and our disasters are inflicted by the ubiquitous Stonewall Jackson.

"Military history teaches that the great and rapidly moving commanders seldom, if ever, have the choice of a field of battle prepared, selected for weeks, nay, even days before; nor do they mature their plans during weeks and weeks for a battle, to be fought when they reach the enemy. Reason shows that such far reaching routine is impossible. Those who attack an enemy do it rather on a field selected and prepared by the enemy, this being the logical consequence of their rapid, bold, truly military tactics. Napoleon scarcely ever had the choice of a field of battle; certainly not in the beginning of his career in Italy; not in the plains under the Pyramids; not in the great plains of Marengo, when he rather by an accident came in contact with the Austrian army, nearly twice as numerous as his, and, above all, outnumbering him by numerous and excellent cavalry, of which he (Napoleon) had scarcely a handful. Napoleon selected not the immortal field of battle of Austerlitz, but his enemies. At Austerlitz Gen. Weihroter, the military adviser of Alexander of Russia, inaugurated strategy. Austerlitz was selected by the allied Austrians and Russians as the most favorable strategical point, and by strategy Napoleon and his army were to be annihilated. Napoleon, who despised strategy, overthrew at Austerlitz the allied armies and the Austrian Empire to boot. Napoleon had not the choice of the fields of Jena or Eylau, but found at Jena the Prussians—at Eylau the Russians—fought, won and overthrew Prussia. Napoleon had not the choice of Wagram, where his army was cut in two by the Danube, then extraordinarily swollen. But he won that day, and for the second time Austria lay at his feet. He selected not Smolensk or Borodino.

"Any student of the Napoleonic campaigns will find that even he handled with greater ease smaller than larger numbers. So in his first Italian campaign, so at Marengo, so at Austerlitz. Reason and logic establish that it must be so, as the longer the line, the larger the numbers, the more difficult to make them move as one man, the more numerous the physical and the intellectual impediments."

☞ The pilgrimage of a famous religious body, called the Jumpers, has just come off at Ecternach, in Germany. The pilgrimage consisted of 8,488 Jumpers, among whom are 600 beggars, 78 musicians, 170 singers, and 25 ecclesiastics. The fun of the thing—we beg pardon, the religious proceeding—is to jump two paces forward and one back all the way to the place of pilgrimage.

☞ One man asked another why his beard was brown and his hair white. "Because," he said, "one is twenty years younger than the other."

## ADVENTURES OF A FEMALE SAILOR.

Fifteen years ago, a fair and ardent girl of fourteen, residing in a certain part of New York state, became fractious under a parental discipline that accorded ill with her irrepressible nature. Her maternal undertook to bring her to reason by the aid of that presentiment of leather which little boys regard as capable of communicating rather more temporary warmth to the system than an ordinary cooking stove. The maiden bore the infliction with commendable heroism, but improved the first opportunity hereafter to elope from the scene of her sufferings. Going to Boston, she there purchased and donned a complete outfit of masculine attire, cut off her hair, and sauntered to the wharves with a marine determination. It was not long before she found a captain of a China-bound ship, who agreed to take her a voyage with him as cabin boy, and to the Celestial Kingdom she went, without betraying her sex or her ship. The voyage was a long one, lasting no less than five years: and when the vessel reappeared in Boston harbor, it was as mate that our distinguished heroine trod the decks. Her good conduct had won promotion for her, through all the intermediate grades. Upon receiving her appointment, she could no longer keep her secret, but with true womanly confidence informed the good-looking, next highest officer of her womanhood. Like a sensible man a sailor, this officer at once fell in love with her, and the twain were privately married, having previously determined, however, that the disguise should still be kept up. The happy couple occupied the same state-room on the next outward passage, without exciting suspicion. The voyage was a long one, and on the arrival of the vessel at Marseilles the young mate, having been promoted to her sailor-duties, as before, received permission from the captain to go ashore for two weeks. At the expiration of this leave she came on board again, but not until she had committed to the care of an honest French couple a wee bit of humanity in her own image. The ship sailed again for America, and once more furled her sails at the wharfs of the City of Notions. During the absence of the craft the owners had built a new and larger vessel, the command of which they conferred upon our heroine's husband. He accepted the position gratefully, and at once appointed his still disguised wife first mate of his vessel. The new ship made a prosperous trip around Cape Horn to San Francisco, where a contract was made for her to go to the Sandwich Islands for a cargo and back. She made the trip, and then, after cruising about from one port to another, started once more for home. Half the passage was accomplished, when the captain died, and his wife took command and brought the vessel safely to Boston, where the owners offered her a half ownership and the captaincy of the ship. Wishing to visit her child at Marseilles, she was obliged to decline this handsome offer, and took passage immediately in a steamer for Europe.

Arriving at Marseilles, she visited the spot where she had left her babe; but to her horror, the house even was gone, and she could get no intelligence of her missing babe. As a last resource, she enlisted the aid of the police, who finally succeeded in discovering that some three years before, the husband of the woman to whom she had entrusted the child had died, leaving his wife without means of support. She had relatives living at Belcastre, in Naples, and thither she had gone for help, taking her youthful charge with her, using for her travelling expenses the money that had been forwarded just previous to the death of her husband by the mother of her child. To Belcastre, accordingly, the anxious mother took her way, and on her arrival there, learned that the woman and child had been there, but that the relatives of the former would give her no aid, and that she was obliged to go elsewhere in search of employment. Where she had gone, and what had become of her, none could tell.

Our heroine still refused to be discouraged, and continued the search perseveringly and vainly for two years. At last she was repaid for her labor of love. One day, while passing through a ward in a hospital at Florence, her attention was attracted by the groans of a poor woman who lay dying in one of the rooms, with a handsome boy weeping over her. She approached, and heard her own name murmured by the sufferer. In another moment she was on her knees beside the bed, clasping the sick one's hands in her own, and asking her the question she almost dreaded to hear answered. The answer was in the affirmative, and with her last breath the dying woman restored to the mother the child she had been so long looking for.—Scarcely was the faithful creature dead, when the impatient mother undid the jacket of the weeping boy, and discovered about his neck a little trinket her own hands had placed there years before. Mother and son immediately proceeded to Havre, from whence they sailed for this country, and are now residing in the city of Detroit.

☞ Behold and admire the pigs—creatures who can be happy without a theory.

☞ An English engineer, named Adams, strongly recommends that the drivers of locomotive engines should stand upon platforms made with easy springs, and that passenger cars should also be supplied with the latter. Various injuries to the human frame arise from the jolting and uneasy motion of trains. The London Lancet has pointed out their effects upon the brain and the delicate machinery of the body.

☞ A new instrument has been invented, called the Pianino, about half the size of the square piano.

☞ An exchange recommends kerosene, sprinkled on the bushes, as a means of destroying the worms which infest currant and gooseberry bushes. It is said the worms will instantly fall to the ground, and not revive.

## MAGRUDER'S GRATITUDE.

General Magruder, of the rebel army, who has the reputation of drinking more liquor than any officer in the Confederate army, is indebted to a soldier for the following account of his exploits with Mexican aguadiente:

About the month of October, 1848, after the close of the war with Mexico, Colonel Magruder had been ordered by the General-in-Chief of the army to proceed across the plains of Lower California, to San Diego.—One fine Sunday morning we proceeded per order. We had gone but about one mile from the city of Mexico; the thermometer being one hundred and twenty-six degrees in the shade, when the Colonel found his coppers getting dry after a hard night's drinking in the city. Observing a clumsy-looking man named Ryan with a well filled canteen of water, as he (Magruder) thought, he turned to him, and commenced the following conversation:

"What have you got there, sir?"

"Water, Colonel."

"Let me have a drink?"

"Yes, Colonel."

Putting the canteen to his mouth, he took two or three swallows, and turning to the soldier, said:

"Good water, sir, by ——, sir; do not waste it."

It must be remembered that this "water" which the Colonel praised so highly was nothing more than Mexican muscatel, commonly called aguadiente. We had proceeded but a short distance further, when our gallant Colonel called to Ryan for another swig, which he got, when the following colloquy occurred:

"What is your name, sir?"

"Private Ryan."

"You are hereafter Corporal Ryan."

A short distance further, and another swig was called for and received, the Colonel's coppers wanting cooling again, saying as he did so:

"Now, sir, you are Sergeant Ryan, by ——, sir, to be honored and respected accordingly."

If the canteen had held out, and the Colonel had promoted at every drink, the soldier would have obtained a high rank before the day's march was finished.

## IRON EXPERIMENT.

A simple illustration will serve to show two facts connected with iron; the first its elasticity, and the second the power exerted by pressure of the hand of any person. Make a hoop of one inch square bar-iron about the size of the brim of a man's hat, let the inside of the hoop be made quite smooth and true. Such a hoop being examined, it would appear that the power even of a horse could in no way alter its shape or form, provided the strain be put to it fairly and equably. Now make a rod of iron of the thickness of a lead pencil, that shall exactly fit the diameter of the inside of the hoop, so that, when placed in the hoop, it will not fall out unless the hoop be altered in shape. If, acting in a similar way, we took a child's wooden hoop with a stick across it in the centre, and then pressed it at the sides opposite to that of the cross stick, the hoop would assume an oval shape, and, of course, the cross stick would fall out. Just so does the iron hoop described act; when any one presses it, the iron rod falls out, showing clearly the elasticity of the iron. The hoop will become oval shaped with a very little pressure, not greater than that which can be exerted by a young girl.—*Septimus Piesse.*

## "ENAMELLING."

All London has been greatly amused with an "enamelling case," as it is termed in the papers, in which a certain Mrs. Leverson sued the Hon. Mrs. Carnegie for £4,700.—She had, she said, enamelled the lady's face neck and bosom four times, and deemed this charge only fair remuneration. She had, however, overshot her mark, and the jury found for the defendant. Mrs. Leverson stated, in evidence, that she did not paint; she only employed a liquid which made the skin transparent, and rendered her patient "beautiful forever." She forgot to mention the price the beautiful one must pay, viz., premature old age, and liability to all manner of skin diseases. The practice is common all over the East, and in Syria, as Miss Rogers says, brides "enamel" themselves all over. The liquid used destroys the millions of little hairs growing in the pores of the skin, leaving it brightly transparent and glossy, but with a liability to shrivel into thousands of little wrinkles. Oriental wise women affirm that pure oil applied for weeks will produce the same effect, without the same consequences, a fact we record for the benefit of all who dread both fading and Madame Leverson.

HURRY HER UP PLEASE.—The steam frigate Roanoke, which is now in the Navy Yard, at Brooklyn, has been razeed, and is being converted into an armor-clad turret war ship. She is to be clothed amidships with thick iron plates, which are to extend about five feet below the water line; and she will have three great revolving gun turrets on deck, and a powerful iron beak or ram on her bow. This beak resembles a huge ax, and is formed of plates twenty feet long, four and a half inches thick, thus making nine inches of iron on the front edge. Each of the revolving gun turrets will be twenty feet inside diameter, and the sides will be formed of eleven courses of inch-iron plates.

☞ The natives of the Sandwich Islands seem to be making rapid progress in all the attendant arts of civilization. A native while lying asleep on his bed had a lasso put around his neck by his "better half." The end of the rope was then passed up through the thatch of the house, and his wife's attendants pulled on it until they nearly strangled the poor man. This may be considered rather a rough experience of the matrimonial noose.

## STRINGENT ORDER BY GEN. POPE.

### Secession Sympathizers to be Sent South.

HEAD QUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA, } WASHINGTON, July 23. }

*General Orders No. 11*—Commanders of Army Corps, Divisions, Brigades, and detached commands will proceed immediately to arrest all disloyal male citizens within their lines or within their reach, in the rear of their respective stations.

Such as are willing to take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and will furnish sufficient security for its observance, shall be permitted to remain at their homes and pursue in good faith their accustomed avocations.

Those who refuse shall be conducted South, beyond the extreme pickets of this army, and be notified that if found anywhere within our lines, or at any point in the rear, they will be considered spies and subjected to the extreme rigor of military law.

If any person having taken the oath of allegiance as above specified, be found to have violated it, he shall be shot, and his property seized and applied to the public use.

All communication with any person whatever, living within the lines of the enemy, is positively prohibited, except through the military authorities and in the manner specified by military law; and any person concerned in writing or in carrying letters or messages in any other way will be considered and treated as a spy within the lines of the United States Army. By command of

Major-General POPE.

GEORGE D. RUGGLES, Colonel, A. A. G., and Chief of Staff.

Previous to the above order, Gen. Steinwehr, who is at or near Luray, had two of his men captured by guerillas, taken into the woods, tied to trees, and left to starve to death. One managed to get loose, and of course freed the other. On learning the facts, the General arrested five prominent citizens of Luray, and informed them and the country that for every Union soldier killed by guerillas one of their number should be shot. Not a murder has been committed since, and the country for miles around is entirely free from wandering murderers. The movement made the entire population a special police to put down guerillas.

General Pope has also issued orders for the seizure of all horses and mules, and all stores not absolutely necessary for the sustenance of the inhabitants in the vicinity of his divisions.

THE SUPREME COURT.—Congress has passed an important bill recasting the judicial districts which are presided over by different Justices of the Supreme Court. Those districts will hereafter stand as follows:—

1st.—New England, (most) Justice Nathan Clifford.

2d.—New York and Vermont, Justice Samuel Nelson.

3d.—Pennsylvania and New Jersey, Justice Robert C. Grier.

4th.—Delaware, Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina, Chief Justice Roger B. Taney.

5th.—South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi, Justice James M. Wayne.

6th.—Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas, Kentucky and Tennessee, Justice John Catron.

7th.—Ohio and Indiana, Justice Noah H. Swayne.*

8th.—Michigan, Wisconsin and Illinois,

9th.—Missouri, Iowa, Kansas and Minnesota, Justice Daniel F. Miller.*

Mr. Swayne was formerly a Democrat, and United States Marshal of Ohio under President Jackson. Mr. Miller was formerly a Whig member of Congress, from Iowa. The Justice for the eighth district has not been nominated. The prominent names mentioned in connection with the appointment are Messrs. Browning and Davis, of Illinois, Howard, of Michigan, and Doolittle, of Wisconsin.

*Nominated by President Lincoln.

A NEW ORDER FROM THE PRESIDENT—PROPERTY AND NEGROES TO BE USED—WASHINGTON, War Department, July 22.—First, Ordered, That the military commanders within the states of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Arkansas, in an orderly manner, seize and use any property, real or personal, which may be necessary or convenient for their several commands, as supplies or for other military purposes, and that while property may be destroyed for proper military objects, none shall be destroyed in wantonness and malice.

Second. That military and naval commanders shall employ as laborers, within and from the said state, so many persons of African descent as can be advantageously used for military or naval purposes, giving them reasonable wages for their labor.

Third. That as to loyal property and persons of African descent, accounts shall be kept, sufficiently accurate and in detail, to show the quantities and amounts, and from whom both property and such persons shall have come, as a basis upon which compensation can be made in proper cases. The several Departments of the Government shall attend to and perform their appropriate parts towards the execution of these orders.

By order of the President.

(Signed) EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War.

HOW A ZOUAVE FEELS IN BATTLE.—One of Duryea's New York Zouaves writes thus: "I could hardly describe my feelings on the battle-field while the rebels were shelling us, and I could not get a shot at them, and could see my comrades killed and wounded all around me. I felt a great deal of nervousness, but when the rebels came out to charge us it all left me, and I felt as cool as ever. When we commenced to charge I felt, I might almost say, a thrill of pleasurable excitement and as though I could follow our colors to death. While the enemy were shelling us I made up my mind that when we came to close quarters, 'no quarter' would be our cry, but instead of that, I gave two wounded rebels a drink out of my canteen on the field."

AFRICAN NEGROES.—The Danish Charge d'affaires and the Secretary of the Interior have entered into a contract, the government of the former agreeing to receive from the United States all negroes delivered from on board vessels seized in the prosecution of the slave trade, by the commanders of United States vessels, and to provide them with suitable instruction, clothing and shelter, and to employ them at wages, and under such regulations as shall be agreed upon for a period not exceeding five years from the date of their being landed on the Danish Island of St. Croix, in the West Indies.

☞ "Pray, madam, what makes you so sedate?" "Oh, I have taken a sedative."

☞ There are two marks in a pillar, at Roskilde, the burial place of the old Danish Kings, said to be the heights of Christian I. and Peter the Great; the former's height is about seven feet, while the latter is not more than *four feet five inches.*

## NEWS ITEMS.

The imports of the country for the past fiscal year show a decrease in dry goods of $45,000,000 $43,000,000 in general merchandise, and $22,000,000 in specie. The decrease in imports, as compared with 1860 and 1861, is $89,500,000. The exports are greater than in 1860-'61 exclusive of specie, $7,000,000, and $34,000,000 in excess of 1859 and 1860. The heavy shipments of specie cannot, therefore, be attributed to the large imports.

Martial Law has been declared in Cincinnati.

Presuming that the debt and liabilities of the United States will be eight hundred millions of dollars at the commencement of 1863 it will then be less than one-fifth of the national debt of England, less than one-half that of France, and about one-half that of Austria.

Father Chiniquy.—Father Chiniquy, the Canadian convert from Roman Catholicism, has been deposed from the ministry by the Presbytery for "unministerial and unchristian conduct."

African Cotton.—Dr. Livingstone, the explorer, now in Africa, writes:—"Africa is a continent of the Future. It is impossible to write its capabilities. It is pre-eminently a cotton country, for here the plant is perennial, and requires little of that heart-breaking toil necessary where it is exotic; no frosts endanger the crops, and the best qualities yield largely. Slave-hunting is the greatest drawback known—it depopulates the country so much that labor becomes dear in proportion to its prevalence."

The Losses in McCall's Division.—The total loss in General McCall's division of Pennsylvania Reserves, in the late six days' fighting near Richmond, was as follows:—killed 259; wounded, 1,223; missing, 1 607; total, 3,089. As the division numbered only about 8,000 men at the beginning of the fighting, it will be seen that the proportion of the losses was very great—much greater than that of any other division engaged.

Congress, among its many commendable acts, has passed a joint resolution directing new clothing to be issued to convalescent soldiers and those cured of their wounds, when leaving the hospitals.

Turkish Justice.—A letter from Constantinople, says:—A man was a short time back condemned to death for the murder of a man whose wife was *enciente*. The trial was hardly terminated, when the woman gave birth to a son. In consequence, the execution was put off until the child should attain his majority, as no will then have to decide if the murderer shall redeem the blood of his father for a sum of money, or the execution take place. In the meantime the murderer will remain in prison.

A Noble Woman.—Morgan Barclay, son of Dr. J. B. Barclay, of this borough, a member of Company G, Eighth Regiment Pennsylvania Reserves, was killed by a ball through the heart, in one of the late series of battles before Richmond. On receiving the sad tidings of his death, and learning that he died as only die the gallant and the brave, fighting for his country, the noble mother exclaimed, "It is well, and I only regret that I have not another to send in his place"—a sentiment worthy the matrons of the best days of Sparta and of Rome.—*Brownsville (Pa.) Clipper.*

An immediate and complete exchange of prisoners of war has been agreed upon—Gen. Dix acting for the government, and Gen. D. H. Hill for the rebels.

Genolamo Garibaldi, a nephew of the liberator of Italy, arrived in this country a few days since, whither he has come to offer his services to the Government. His sword was given him by his great uncle, with the remark that if the cause of liberty requires it he will come himself.

Gov. Yates's Position.—A few days ago, Gov. Yates, of Illinois, received a letter from a town in the south part of the state, in which the writer complained that traitors in his town had cut down the American flag, and asking what ought to be done in the premises. The Governor promptly wrote him as follows: "Whenever you raise the flag on your own soil, or on the public property of the state or county, or at any public celebration, from honest love to that flag, and patriotic devotion to the country which it symbolizes, and any traitor dares to tear it down, then I say shoot him down as you would a dog, and I will pardon you for the offence."

Quick Work.—The Chicago Tribune says some time since a warehouse in that city loaded a vessel with 24,000 bushels of wheat in *fifty five minutes.*

The corn crop of the seceded states is represented as being in a most flourishing condition, with the promise of an immense yield.

The Etna Bank, in Hartford, has stamped each end of some of its bills, and agrees to redeem each half it the holder shall cut the bill in two, and pass each half for fifty cents. It will give postage stamps for a single half, or its own full bills for an equal number of halves. This is to supply the want of small change.

France.—A recent semi-official article in the Constitutionnel, repudiating political objects in Mexico, and declaring that France now seeks only redress for injury to private interests, is received with applause by the rest of the Paris journals, but it is represented that the honor of the French flag will probably render it necessary to occupy the capital. The Globe's Paris correspondent confirms the report that the preliminatory symptoms of backing out from the Mexican affair have come to a head.

The Navy Department has received a dispatch in reference to the late engagement at Yazoo river. The rebel gunboat A Kansas, of twelve rifled 68 pounders, escaped to Vicksburg. Com. Farragut's entire fleet is below Vicksburg.

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The loss of 17 h July, for the issue of small United States notes does not make the postage stamps a "legal tender," nor does it require postmasters to receive them in exchange for United States notes. Postage stamps which have been gummed on paper are in danger of becoming valueless, because they cannot be distinguished from those which have been used. Others will be issued as soon as possible, snapped for currency, and redeemable by the Treasury Department. Such stamps will be received by the Post-office Department for postage, and to be at all times exchanged for ordinary postage stamps.

The Milwaukee Gas Company lately refused to supply a gentleman with gas because he would not sign the usual agreement. He sued for damages and recovered one hundred dollars. The company still refused and he sued again and got a verdict of fifteen hundred dollars. The company appealed, and on test appeal the damages were increased to eighteen hundred dollars.

The Belfast (Me.) Journal says there is a greater demand for spinning wheels than any time for the last twenty years. Farmers seem to be returning, as much as possible, to the old-time economy, dropping with superfluities, and producing at home as many as possible of the necessaries of life.

A True Plate.—The Nashua Iron Company have just rolled for the Government a iron plate fifteen feet long, forty inches wide, four and a half inches thick, and weighing 19,000 pounds. This plate is considered ball-proof, and will put to the test some of the new projectiles which have recently been invented.

[From the Richmond Examiner, July 19.]

## RICHMOND PROVISION PRICES

The following table of prices of the meats, vegetables, &c., offered in the market yesterday, will show what the head of a family has to pay for a dinner in these times. It will be interesting if cut out, framed, and hung up among the "cabinet of curiosities of the war" for future reference and for the edification of coming generations. Beef, pork, and mutton, 37½ cents per pound; sheep, 50 cents per pound; chickens, 75 cents to $1 apiece; ducks, $1 to $1 50 apiece; goslings, $2; pullets, $1 50; eggs, 75 cents to $1 per dozen; butter, 75 cents to $1 per pound. Vegetables—beets, 50 cents per bunch; onions, 50 cents per quart (or one shilling apiece for the larger size); cymlings, $1 per dozen; cucumbers $1 per dozen; string beans, $2 per peck; cabbage, 50 and 75 cents per head; Irish potatoes $6 per bushel; tomatoes $1,50 per dozen. Fruits—green apples, $10 per bushel; pears, 50 cents per dozen; blackberries, 25 cents per quart; whortleberries 35 cents per quart; plums, 50 cents per quart; peaches $1 per dozen. But we tire. Enough.

Commenting on the above, the Examiner says:—

"The citizens of Richmond are completely at the mercy of a band of foreign-born hucksters. Matters have come to that pass, that every mouthful we eat, except bread, must come through their hands, and be doled out at their exorbitant prices. Nothing but mob law offers any hope of getting rid of them.—This method of purging the markets we do not recommend, but the day is clearly not distant, when its adoption may be necessary. People cannot be starved to enrich a few Irishmen and Germans. The sight of a huckster hanging from a market lamp-post would exert a more beneficial effect on the prices of the necessaries of life than the combined powers of the city authorities and Brigadier General Winder."

A Practical Joker.—The Bloomington (Ill.) Pantagraph has a correspondent in the neighborhood of Memphis, whose chatty correspondence is worth reading. Under date of Lagrange, July 8th, he writes thus:

While I remained here, Lieut. Thompson, of the C. S. A., came in with a flag of truce, to bring in Capt. McMichael, who was captured at Shiloh. Mac. looked hearty, and gave a glowing account of his captivity, with many rich incidents, one of which will bear relating. Among the prisoners was one Major, who weighed the nice little amount of 245 pounds. On their way down to Selma, he was often introduced to the inquiring crowds that awaited them at the depots. At one point, a fine, handsome lady, dressed in black, came on her angel mission, and, out of a basket carried by a servant, dispensed many pies, cakes, &c., among them. After her basket was empty, or as she was passing the last tit-bit on the car, she said to Capt. Sims, who stood upon the platform:—"Now, don't think, because of this, that I am not a southern woman, for I am, and let me tell you, when you have killed all our husbands, fathers and sons, we women and children will fight you."

Captain Sims, who is always full of fun and ready to perpetrate a joke on anybody, replied to the lady, with a perfectly straight face, "You will, will you? that's your game, is it, madam? Well, now, let me tell you that we have got a man in this car who can whip any woman in the country *of his weight.*" The lady, who had hitherto been in a good humor, now became excited, and cried out—"Bring him out! bring him out! I can whip him!" Captain Sims stepped to the car, and called to the Major to step that way a moment. The Major, who was perfectly innocent of what had transpired, came out, and Captain Sims introduced him by saying,—"*Of his weight*, recollect, I said of his weight!" The lady, seeing the joke, had sense enough to join the crowd in a hearty laugh.

Home Sickness Insanity.—Dr. Hunt, of Buffalo, now stationed at Newport News, Va., gives the following instance of that form of home-sickness which becomes insanity. In a letter he narrates an affecting and painfully touching case thus:

You have learned, perhaps, of that form of camp home-sickness which develops itself into insanity, and is written down in the books as *nostalgia.* It is a singular and painfully interesting phenomenon. One of them only has been fully developed under my eye. The man came here almost entirely recovered from fever, and claimed himself to be entirely well, refusing medicines and talking very rationally about everything but home. Day after day, as the boat came to the dock, he would pack his knapsack quietly, say good-bye to his ward-mates, and march down to the wharf only to be disappointed and to find out, as no more forcibly than elegantly expressed it, that "it was not the right boat; it was another d—d boat." At night, in his sleep, he talked continuously of wife and child; day times he said little; but, finally, made a confidant of me, and said that all night and all day he dreamed and thought of home, and sometimes, perhaps, it made him light-headed. He had been a year in the service, and always gay and happy up to the period of his recent illness. His family lives in New York, and one morning I had the happiness to see Charley march down to the boat with his neatly slung knapsack, and it was the right boat that time. He has been home a fortnight now, and I have no doubt will return to his regiment a good soldier. To have kept him here would have ended, probably, in suicide.

Great Collection of Diamonds.—The Duke of Brunswick has published a catalogue of $3,000,000 worth of diamonds in his possession. It relates how this one is ornamented a Turkish sabre, that a royal medem, another an imperial collar, a fourth a grand electoral hat; this black diamond was an idol's eye; that brilliant rose diamond was taken from the Emperor Baber at Agra (it weighs 41 carats and is worth $800,000;) these were the waistcoat buttons of the Emperor Don Pedro; this diamond ring, with the cypher "M S." belonged to Mary, Queen of Scots; that pair of ear-rings hung once on Marie Antoinette. He has plenty of diamonds, worth $20,000, $30,000, and $45,000 apiece; two worth $60,000 each, one $70,000, and one $80 000. He is in treaty now for two diamonds, one of which is worth $232,000, and the other £960,000.

Musical Sounds Produced by Electricity.—Mr. George Gore has devised the following beautiful experiment:—A pool of mercury, from one to three inches diameter, is formed in a circular vessel of glass or gutta percha; this is so surrounded by a ring of mercury about one-eighth to one-tenth of an inch wide, and both are covered to the depth of about half an inch with rather a strong solution of cyanide of potassium. The pool of mercury is then connected by a fine wire with the positive pole of a powerful voltaic battery, and the ring of mercury is connected with the negative pole. A continuous harmonious sound is then produced.

The rebel newspapers are busily engaged in extolling Gen. Lee as the great commander of the age, as the Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick, Napoleon, and Washington of the South. This is all very well, but where is Beauregard?

## MORGAN THE GUERILLA.

Col. Morgan's force embraces men from Texas, Mississippi, Georgia and Kentucky, of desperate character, but obedient to his will, as the lion is to its master. A few of them are gentlemanly, but the majority would as soon cut a man's throat as take a chew of tobacco.

Col. Morgan himself is courteous and polite. He stands about six feet in height, is slightly round-shouldered, and his dress is distinguished by nothing except a silver crescent, which holds up one side of his wide brimmed, low-crowned, black felt hat.

His face is rather dark complexioned, with features sharp. He wears a mustache, with whiskers on his chin, and never allows himself to be overcome by anger. He is idolized by his men, who think he is Kentucky's Messiah.

He married an estimable lady, some years since, but she died eighteen months ago, of grief, over the crimes of her husband. For two or three years she was an utterly broken hearted woman, and finally sunk into the grave, about six weeks before Morgan took the last step in the direction of infamy by joining the Southern Confederacy.

The guerilla chief formerly had an interest in a faro bank in Cincinnati. He was engaged in picking up "seeds," as verdant people who accompanied him to the gambling houses were familiarly called.

Promote the Deserving.—Gen. McClellan has issued an order directing the generals of Brigades and Divisions to forward to his headquarters the name of every non-commissioned officer who, in the late "Seven Days' Battle," may have been distinguished for gallantry and good service on the field, with a view to immediate promotion of the deserving. Over two thousand names of young and old heroes have been handed in, and will no doubt soon receive deserved promotion as a reward for their faithful services. There are men serving in the ranks who are far superior as soldiers to the political demagogues who pretend to command regiments in some cases, and these should not be lost sight of when officers for the new levy are to be selected. Let us show, in this crisis of our country's greatest peril, that the noblest of all republics was not forgetful of the deeds of her patriotic children, and refute the general charge that "Republics are ungrateful."

A Hand-me Fight.—A letter from an officer who was with Burnside's expedition at the battle of Camden, says:—

I met Col. Rodis, of Binghamton, N. Y., during the battle, with his cap stuck on the back part of his head, looking the happiest man I ever saw. I remember meeting him as he was leading the centre of the regiment over a heavy ditch, with sword drawn, and hearing him speak to and encourage the boys on. Just then a tremendous volley was poured into the rebel nest. "That's it! A good one!" he cried. They returned a perfect shower of grape and canister, tearing through and over us. Col. Rodis's countenance was beaming, and turning to the men, he called out:—"Come on, my children. I'll die with you! Press on, my brave boys! Now is the time to show yourselves!" And as a rifle shell goes singing by his head, he cries in his joy:—"Ye gods! Isn't this a handsome fight?"

A Lion at Play.—The African, of Constantina, states that as a woodcutter was slowly proceeding from St. Charles to Gatonville he suddenly saw crouched in the road before him an enormous lion. Seized with terror he turned round and ran off, when the lion pursued and went past him, and on reaching a certain distance in advance again lay down, as if to await the man's approach. The man again turned round and went back; the lion once more rushing beyond him, and lying down. This manœuvre was repeated by the animal several times, when the man at length fell to the ground exhausted by fright and fatigue. The lion then approached him, and after examining him from head to foot, walked off with a friendly roar, as if expressive of its pleasure at the trick it had played him. The man was confined to his bed for some days after.

"Do You Take Wafers?"—The Cleveland Herald says:—"On Saturday morning a countryman entered a store on Ontario street for the purpose of trading. After ordering what he wanted, he inquired of the clerk, 'Do you take wafers in pay?' 'Wafers!' replied the astonished clerk. 'Yes, wafers, wafers. Tain't all the sort of money I've got. I took 'em of a chap down here, and he said they are good.' 'Well,' said the clerk, 'we take all sorts of good currency, but we haven't yet got to taking *wafers.*' 'But these are good ones,' said the countryman, 'red wafers—got a head onto 'em.' The clerk suddenly got an idea as to the state of the case, asked to look at the new currency, found them to be good three cent stamps, and decided that he *did* 'take wafers in pay.'"

Indiana Freed of the Rebel Guerillas.—The rebel guerillas did not tarry very long at Newburg, Indiana,—no longer, indeed, than but just to pick up a few "inconsiderable trifles" and to annoy the defenceless inhabitants. There are none of these bandits now on the free soil side of the Ohio, and if the people are as vigilant as they ought to be, they will take care that they never shall be. The raid to Newburg, meanwhile, though wounding our northern pride a little, has done good, by bringing home to the people of the states bordering on the Ohio the things which the rebels would do, if they dared.—Let the results stimulate enlistments, and the formation of a powerful body of rangers, to be ready everywhere—for any emergency that may occur.

Secession Policy.—The war correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette states that no one within the limits of the rebel territory is allowed to discredit Confederate paper, even to the extent of grinning at it. If a man offers anything for sale at two prices, and the higher price is that charged when Jeff. Davis's rags are taken in pay, he is at once arrested. A consistent secesh who desired to come further north on business bought four hundred dollars in gold, secretly, as he thought, from some "traitor of the South," by paying him one thousand dollars in Confederate notes. His intent to leave was discovered and he was arrested. The officers took from him the gold and gave him, instead, four hundred dollars in Confederate scrip.

The Postage Stamp Currency.—It has been arranged that the Postmaster General shall issue stamps on and after the 1st of August to be used for currency until the secretary of the Treasury can perfect his arrangements, when he will pay them at the cost value of manufacture from the Post Office Department, and will sell and redeem as provided by the law. The stamps issued by the Postmaster General will probably differ in no respect from those used for postage except that they will be worth at par. They will be exchangeable at post-offices for postage stamps if not defaced.

It is at last definitely settled that recruits are to be received in the State of Pennsylvania for nine months or a year.

Texas.—Dr. Dignowitty, of San Antonio, Texas, has been in Washington for some time endeavoring to interest the Government in behalf of the Union population of Texas. There is a prospect that his efforts may soon be crowned with success, and that a force will be sent to that state under the command of some general who will be satisfactory to the Germans. Dr. Dignowitty states that there are *thirty thousand* Germans who are now wandering in Mexico, having escaped the tyranny of the "Southern Confederacy" in Texas. Dr. D. is a very intelligent and reliable German, and was one of the leading men in San Antonio. He says that the Germans in Texas are, almost to a man, in favor of the Union, which they are willing to fight for if they can have an opportunity. It is probable that either Gen. Fremont or Gen. Sigel will be sent to Texas.

Postage Stamps.—The United States postage stamps, which are now coming so freely into circulation, besides having the amount of their value in figures upon the upper corners, may be readily recognized by their colors and vignettes, which are as follows:—

| *Amount.* | *Vignette.* | *Color.* |
|---|---|---|
| 1 cent, | Franklin, | Blue. |
| 2 cents, | Washington, | Pink. |
| 5 cents, | Jefferson. | Chocolate. |
| 10 cents, | Washington. | Green. |
| 20 cents, | Washington. | Black. |
| 24 cents, | Washington. | Lilac. |
| 30 cents, | Franklin. | Yellow. |
| 90 cents, | Washington. | Blue. |

## WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been an increased demand for Flour both for export and home use, and with light receipts holders have realized an advance of 12½@25c ₱ bbl since the close of last week, sales reaching about 30,000 bbls at $4,75@5,12½ for superfine; 5@5,25 for North Western extra and extra family; $5,25@5,50 for Ohio extra; $5,50@5,75 for do family, and $5,87½@6 for fancy brands, including some 7000 bbls Western and Penna extra and extra family, part City mills, on terms kept private; Delaware mills extra at $5,37½; Broad street do at $6, and Keystone family at $6,75 ₱ bbl. The sales to the trade range as above according to brand and quality, and high grade families at $6,50@7,50 ₱ bbl. Rye Flour is better and 900 bbls, all offered, brought $3,25 ₱ bbl, fresh ground is worth more. Corn Meal is also scarce, with sales of 500 bbls Penna at $2,87½. Brandywine is held at $3,30 ₱ bbl, which is also better.

GRAIN comes in slowly, and for most kinds prices rather better, with a good demand for Wheat, both for shipment and milling, and about 45,000 bus have been taken at $1,25@1 32 for common to good red prime Western, Penna and Southern reds, the latter for new, and $1,30 to 1,43 for white, the latter for new Kentucky. Rye is better, and all the Pea offered sold at 70c. Corn has advanced, and 28,000 bus yellow sold at 50@52c for inferior and 58@64c for good and prime lots, and also in store; some small lots of white brought 65c. Oats are better, and 25,000 bus Penna sold at 41@44c. Barley and Malt remain as last quoted, and very inactive, the busy season being over.

PROVISIONS—There is very little demand for barrelled meats, and a small business to note in Pork at $11@11¼ ₱ bbl for Western Mess; 500 bbls city packed sold on terms kept private, and Beef in a small way at $12@15 ₱ bbl for Western and city Mess. Bacon is unchanged, and Hams in good demand at 6@7c for country, and 8@9c for fancy cured. Shoulders sell moderately at 4@4½c, to go South. Sides are quoted at 5@5c. Of Green Meats, the sales are mostly confined to Hams at 5@5½c in salt, and 6@7c in pickle, according to quality, chiefly of the latter description. Shoulders and Sides in salt are quiet, we quote the former at 3½@3½c, and the latter at 5@5½c. Lard is firm and more active, with large sales at 9@9½c in tes and bbls, mostly at the former figures, and 9½@9½c in kegs, country is worth 9½@9c, cash. Butter sells moderately at 9@12c, choice dairy at 13@14c, as to quality. Cheese moves off as wanted at 8@9c ₱ lb for prime, and Eggs at 11½@12c ₱ doz.

COTTON—The market is firm, the week's sales reaching some 300 bales, in small lots, within the range of 48@53c, cash, the latter for good middlings.

ASHES—Both kinds continue scarce and in demand at 6½@6¾ the 100 lbs.

BARK—There is not much offering or selling, and about 100 hhds in No 1 Quercitron found buyers at $43 ₱ ton, which establishes a decline; the demand is steady. Tanners' Bark is unchanged.

BEESWAX is scarce, and good Yellow is selling at 25c ₱ lb.

COAL—The market is moderately active, and prices are firm and on the advance. Schuylkill White Ash Lump ₱ ton $4,50@4,60; Prepared do $4,45@4,65; Red Ash do $4,05@4,75; Lehigh Lump do $4,62½@4,75; Prepared do 4,75; by retail do $5,50@5,75; Schuylkill Prepared do, $5,25@5,50.

COFFEE continues scarce and in demand, and holders generally are asking a further advance, with sales to the extent of about 25 0 bags in lots at 21½@22½c for Rio, and 22½@23c for Laguayra, mostly of the former, cash and time.

COPPER is moving off as wanted at steady rates, and Yellow Metal is better. We quote at 23c for sheets, and 35c for nails, on time.

FEATHERS continue scarce, and a small business doing at 39@40c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—The receipts and sales of Green Fruit are fair and prices steady.

HAY is selling moderately at 60@65c for new and 75@85c the 100 lbs for old.

HEMP remains quiet, but a small sale of American is reported at $100, cash.

HOPS move off as wanted, and sell at 18@20c ₱ lb, as in quality.

IRON is firmer, but rather more active, and 3500 tons anthracite have been disposed of at $30 for White iron, $33 for No 2, and $34 for No 1, on time, including one lot of the latter at $33, cash, and 500 tons at $34, four mos. Scotch Pig is firm but quiet, and manufactured is in good demand at rather higher prices; Bars and Rails being held at a further advance.

LEAD is better, and about 3000 pigs Galena have been taken at $6,80@7 the 100 lbs, including 1200 pigs bought in New York at the former rate.

LUMBER—There is a fair trade to note, with further sales of White Pine at $14@15, and Yellow Pine Boards at $13@14. Laths are selling at $1,25 ₱ M.

MOLASSES is quiet, some 700 hhds have been disposed of, including a cargo of cleyes Cuba at 26c, and some Muscovado at 30@33c, on the usual terms.

PLASTER is in steady demand, with further sales of mill at $3,50 ₱ ton.

RICE continues scarce and on the advance, with further sales of East India at 6¼@6¾c ₱ lb, cash.

SEEDS—There is little or no Clover seed offering, and the market is better, with sales at 8½@9c ₱ lb. Timothy is quiet and the price nearly nominal at $2 ₱ bus. Flaxseed is wanted for crushing, and American is scarce at $2,25 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS—There is a firm feeling in Brandy and Gin is better. N. E. Rum is better, and selling in a small way at 43@46c. Whiskey is dull and neglected, bbls selling in a small way only at 33@34c, and 31@32c for drudge.

SUGARS are fully ¼c better, with sales of 2800 hhds at 8@9c for Cuba and 9¼@10¼c for Porto Rico, all on the usual terms. For refined Sugars prices have not advanced.

TALLOW is scarce and firm at a further advance, with small receipts and sales at 10¼@11c for city. Rough fat is worth 6½@7c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO is quiet; the stock of manufactured is very much reduced, and prices tending up. In Leaf there is very little movement.

WOOL—There is a good demand for fleece, and the new clip has been taken freely on arrival at a further improvement, sales reaching about 200 000 lbs, in lots, at 58@59c, net, mostly at 58@59c ₱ lb, the latter tub.

## PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3100 head. The prices realized were from 7 to 8¾ cents ₱ lb, 70 Cows brought from $18 to 28 ₱ head. 2700 Sheep were sold at from $2,25 to 3,50 ₱ head. 200 Hogs brought from $5,00 to 5,25 ₱ cwt. net.

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER.—This great public benefaction, we are happy to learn, is still fulfilling its mission of relief, and alleviating many of the thousand ills flesh is heir to. Its domain is the wide, wide world, and wherever a Yankee has set his foot, may be found doing its work. Its virtues have been so very thoroughly tested, that it needs no lengthy recommendations to entitle it to the public confidence. It is emphatically a household remedy, and if kept on hand and used as occasion may require, will save much suffering, besides very sensibly diminishing the expenses for medical attendance.—*Prov. Weekly Times.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of

R. DEXTER, 113 Nassau St., N. Y.
SINCLAIR TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., N. Y.
HENRY TAYLOR, 340 Iron Building, Baltimore.
A. WILLIAMS & CO., 100 Washington St., Boston.
HENRY MINER, Nos. 71 & 73 Fifth St., Pittsburg.
JOHN P. HUNT, Masonic Hall, Pittsburg.
GEORGE N. LEWIS, 28 West Sixth St., Cincinnati.
A. GUNTER, No. 99 Third St., Louisville, Ky.
JOHN R. WALSH, Chicago, Illinois.
McNALLY & CO., Chicago, Illinois.
JAMES M. CRAWFORD, St. Louis, Missouri.

Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

## MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th ultimo, by the Rev. Carver, James Metts, to Rebecca F. Hansberry, both of this city.

On the 21st ultimo, by the Rev. Augustus Blauvelt, Mr. Lehnert Dirks, to Miss Maria Greenwood, both of this city.

On the 20th ultimo, by the Rev. M. D. Kurtz, Mr. Levi Kreps, to Miss Jane Eastburn, both of this city.

On the 3d ultimo, by the Rev. Dr. S. Townsend, Mr. Charles W. Lutz, of Milltown, Montgomery county, Pa. to Miss Elenora G. Krohn, of this city.

On the 1st ultimo, by the Rev. C. Cooke, D D., Mr. Charles T. Street, to Miss Sallie A. Randolph, both of this city.

On the 17th ultimo, by the Rev. Henry Darling, D. D., Joseph F. Emery, to M. Matilda Grace, both of this city.

On the 5th ultimo by the Rev. N. B. Baldwin, Mr. Charles R. Vaughn, to Miss Amelia J. Mulford, both of this city.

## DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 21st ultimo, Rachel E. Deacon, wife of Edmund Deacon, and daughter of George Peterson.

On the 21st ultimo, Mary Louisa Jenks, wife of Henry T. King.

Suddenly, on the 21st ultimo, William Graham, aged 27 years.

On the 19th ultimo, Mary E. wife of J. W. Jones, in her 25th year.

On the 22d ultimo, Hannah Shoemaker, relict of Abraham Shoemaker, in her 83d year.

On the 21st ultimo, Mrs. Mary A. Hulings, wife of the late Henry Hulings, in her 72d year.

On the 23d ultimo, William D. Downing, in his 21st year.

On the 21st ultimo, James M. Fox, in his 50th year.

On the 21st ultimo, William Jones, Sr. aged 80 years.

On the 20th ultimo, William Johnson, aged 41 years.

## BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No 39 South Third Street.

*Philadelphia, July 26 1862.*

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Alabama | 50 dis. | Missouri | 3 to 50 dis. |
| Canada | par | Nebraska | — |
| Connecticut | par | New Brunswick | 10 dis. |
| Delaware | par | New Hampshire | 1 dis. |
| Dist. of Columbia | par | New Jersey | par to 1 dis. |
| Florida | — dis. | N. Y. City | par |
| Georgia | 50 dis. | New York State | par |
| Illinois | 5 to 7 dis. | North Carolina | 50 dis. |
| Indiana | 4 to 5 dis. | Nova Scotia | 10 dis. |
| Iowa | 1 dis. | Ohio | par |
| Kansas | — | Pennsylvania | par to 1 dis. |
| Kentucky | 2 dis. | Rhode Island | par |
| Louisiana | 40 dis. | South Carolina | 50 dis. |
| Maine | 1 dis. | Tennessee | 50 dis. |
| Maryland | ½ to 1 dis. | Texas | — |
| Massachusetts | par | Vermont | par |
| Michigan | 10 dis. | Virginia | 4 to 40 dis. |
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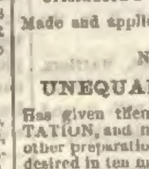


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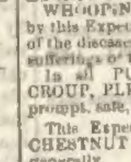

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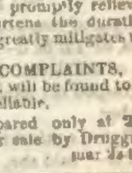

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CONSUMPTION.—For this insidious and fatal disease no remedy on earth has ever been found so effectual. It subdues the inflammation, relieves the cough and pain, and removes the difficulty of breathing, and produces an easy expectoration, whereby all irritating and obstructing matters are removed from the lungs.

WHOOPING COUGH is promptly relieved by this Expectorant. It shortens the duration of the disease one-half, and greatly mitigates the sufferings of the patient.

In all PULMONARY COMPLA

# Wit and Humor.

## A FLING AT DRESSING GOWNS.

My name is Albert Fling. I am an active business, married man, that is, wedded to Mrs. Fling, and married to business. I had the misfortune, sometime since, to break a leg, and before it was mended, Madam Fling, hoping to soothe my hours of convalescence, caused to be made for me a dressing-gown, which, on due reflection I believed was modelled after the latest style of strait-jacket.—This belief is confirmed by the fact that when I put it on, I am at once confined to the house, "get mad," and am soberly convinced that if any of my friends were to see me walking in the street, clad in this apparel, they would instantly entertain ideas of my insanity.

I have three several times, while wearing this gown, been mistaken for Madame Fling, by people coming to the house. The first time I was shaving in my chamber; in bounced Miss X——, who believed, as it was rather late, that I had gone down town. She threw up her hands, exclaiming:

"Good gracious, Fanny! do you shave?"

N. B.—Fanny is my wife's first name.

The second time I had brought the wood-saw and horse up from the cellar, and was exercising myself sawing up my winter's wood in the summer kitchen, according to Doctor Howl's advice, when the Irishman from the grocery entered, bearing a bundle. My back was to him, and only seeing the gay, flowery gown, he exclaimed in an awfully audible whisper to the cook:

"Shure yer mistress has the power in her arms jist!"

Think of my wife, my gentle Fanny, having it shouted around the neighborhood that "her brute of a husband made her saw all their winter's wood—yes! and split it, and pile it, too, and make all the fires, and so on, and etcetera; and oh! I *am* glad my husband isn't such a monster!"

I turned on the Irishman, and when he saw my whiskers, he quailed!

The third time I was blacking my boots, according to Dr. Howl's advice, "which expands the deltoid muscles, is of benefit to the metacarpis, stretches the larnyx, opens the oilsophgers, and facilitates expectoration!" I had chosen what Fanny calls her conservatory for my field of operation—the conservatory has two dried fish—geraniums, and a dead dog—rose in it, besides a bad-smelling cat—nip bush—when, who should come running in but the identical Miss X——, who caught me shaving.

"Poor Fanny," said she, before I could turn round, "do you have to black the boots of that odious brute!"

"Miss X——," said I, turning toward her and folding my arms over my dressing-gown, spite of having a damp, unpolished boot on one arm, and a wet blacking-brush in the other hand, for I wished to strike a position and awe at the same time; "Miss X——, I *am* that odious brute himself!"

If you had observed her wilt, droop, mutter, fly!

My wife went to the seashore last summer; I kept the house open, and stayed in town—cause, business. When she returned, Miss X——, who lives opposite, called to see her. In less than five minutes, my wife was a sad, moaning, desolate, injured, disconsolate, afflicted, etcet. woman.

"How-ow-ow c-could you d-do it, Al-lal-bert!" she ejaculated, flooding every word as it came out with tears.

"Do what!"

"Oh-woh! oh-woe-wooh-wa-ah!"

Miss X—— here thought proper to leave, casting from her eyes a small hardware-shop in the way of daggers at me, as much as to say, You are vicious, and I hate cheese! (theatrical for hate ye.)

Fanny, left to herself, revealed all to me.—Miss X——, through the venetian blinds, had seen a—*gown* in my room, late at night.

"It is too true," said I, "too, too, true."

"Al-lal-al-bert! you will b-b-break my h-heart. I c-could tear the d-d-destroy-oyer of my p-p-peace to p-p-pieces!"

"Come on," said I, "you shall behold the destroyer of your peace. You shall tear her to pieces, or I'll be d—dashed if I don't. I am tired of the blasted thing."

I grasped her hand and led her to the back chamber.

"There! against the wall!"

"It is—" said she.

"It is," said I, "my dressing gown! I will never again put it on my shoulders, never. Here it goes!"

Rip it went from the tails up the back to the neck.

"Hold, Albert! I will send it to the wounded soldiers."

"Never! they are men, bricks, warriors. Such female frippery as this shall never degrade them. Into the rag-bag with it, and sell it to the Jews for a pair of China sheep or a crockery dog."

---

WHY HE DID NOT SPECULATE.—Many a glorious speculation has failed for the same good reason that the old Texan ranger gave when he was asked why he didn't buy land when it was dog cheap. "Well, I did come nigh on to taking eight thousand acres 'onest," said old Joe, mournfully. "You see, two of the boys came in one day from an Indian hunt, without any shoes, and offered me their titles to the two leagues just below here for a pair of boots." "For a pair of boots!" we exclaimed. "Yes, for a pair of boots for each league." "But why on earth did you not take it? They'd be worth one hundred thousand dollars to-day. Why didn't you give them the boots?" "Jest because I didn't have the boots to give," said old Joe, as he took another chew of tobacco, quite as contented as if he owned two hundred leagues of land.

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☞ "That is the end of my tale," as the tadpole said, when he turned into a bull-frog.

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A COMMON DISEASE.—An old gentleman travelling some years ago, inside the Bath mail, had two ladies, sisters, for companions. The younger, an invalid, soon fell asleep, and the old gentleman expressed his regret to see so charming a young lady in ill health. "Ah, yes, indeed," sighed the eldest sister, "a disease of the heart." "Dear me!" was the sympathetic response, "at her age? Ossification, perhaps?" "Oh, no, sir, a lieutenant!"

---

A QUALIFIED FORGIVENESS.—An old negro was on his dying bed. Some one had done him a great injury, the commission of which his faithful minister had labored hard to induce him to forgive. At length when just on the verge of the border land, a strong last appeal was made. "Tom, won't you forgive him?" "Well, masse, if I'm going to die, I suppose I must; but if I ever get well I'll give him another dig."

---

## BATHING INFANTS.

I know some mothers who desire to bring up their children hygienically, who are in the habit of washing their infants, all over, in cold water—not icy cold, but that which is cold to a child's body—each morning and evening. This they do, I have no doubt, with the design of promoting, in some way, the health of the children. But if they were questioned closely as to the *manner* in which they suppose health is benefitted by such treatment, I think they would find it difficult to give an answer satisfactory to themselves, even. They might say, perhaps, that water-treatment is good, and of course must be good for their little ones. But they do not *know* that it is good, unless they know *how* it is good.

I cannot think of any benefit to be secured by bathing a perfectly healthy baby, except that of cleanliness; and once in twenty-four hours is abundantly often for this object. The skin of a child does not become dirty sooner than that of an adult; and most mothers do not consider themselves very dirty if they bathe as often as once in two or three days.

There is no reason why the water which is used to bathe children, should be *cold*. Violent reactions do not promote cleanliness, or tend to any other desirable result. A temperature so mild as simply to feel pleasantly cool to the body of an infant, is much more beneficial than one, which by its feeling of coldness, gives a shock to the nervous system.

There is no need of any great amount of rubbing in the bath, of a child which is washed daily, or of course towel friction after it is taken out of the water.

The best hour in the day to bathe an infant is at ten or eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The water should be prepared, at a pleasant temperature, in a tub. The child should be undressed, have its head and face wet, in the water of the bath, and then be dipped in to its neck, taken out, laid upon a soft linen sheet upon its mother's lap, enveloped, and have the water gently and quickly dried from the surface; after which there may be pleasant, gentle friction by the mother's hand, continued till she and her baby are satisfied.

Thus cleanliness is secured with the least possible wear and tear to the nervous system of the child. As the healthy glow comes to its skin after the bath, it will almost invariably manifest an inclination to go to sleep; which disposition should be established into a habit. When it wakes after its nap, it will be ready for its dinner, and to be good-natured for the rest of the day, provided it is well treated. When it is prepared for the night every article of clothing which it has worn during the day should be removed, its little body should be gently rubbed all over by the hand, and have fresh garments put upon it.—*Laws of Life.*

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AMERICAN BABIES.—I must protest that American babies are an unhappy race. They eat and drink just as they please; they are never punished; they are never banished, snubbed, and kept in the background as children are kept with us; and yet they are wretched and uncomfortable. My heart has bled for them as I have heard them squalling by the hour together in agonies of discontent and dyspepsia. Can it be, I wonder, that children are happier when they are made to obey orders and are sent to bed at six o'clock, than when allowed to regulate their own conduct; that bread and milk is more favorable to laughter and soft childish ways than beefsteak and pickles three times a day; that an occasional whipping, even, will conduce to rosy cheeks? It is an idea which I should never dare to broach to an American mother, but I must confess that after my travels on the western continent, my opinions have a tendency in that direction. Beefsteaks and pickles certainly produce smart little men and women. Let that be taken for granted. But rosy laughter and winning childish ways are, I fancy, the produce of bread and milk. —*Anthony Trollope.*

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GIVING CHLOROFORM.—At a recent meeting of the Obstetrical Society in London, Dr. Simpson described a plan of administering chloroform which he has now adopted in preference to that at present in use. The present mode is to fold up a handkerchief and pour into the hollow a quantity of chloroform, and then hold it at some distance from the face, so as to admit of atmospheric air being inhaled along with the vapor. The new plan is to lay a single layer of handkerchief over the face, and let the chloroform fall on it drop by drop. The advantages are these:—1. That there is less danger to the patient, from the small quantity applied at a time. 2. That anæsthesia is more speedily produced. 3. That the quantity of chloroform required is less.

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☞ A great poet says that "the mountains stand fixed forever." We know, however, that it is no uncommon thing for them to "slope."

## INGENIOUSLY PUT!

NURSE, WHO LIKES SOLDIERS.—"Now Master Bobbie is going to be a *good boy*, and watch baby, while I go and ask great, big, fierce, Mr. Soldier, not to *run away* with Master Bobbie."

---

DON'T DRINK MUCH WATER.—A person in good health, and in the moderate pursuit of business, does not feel like drinking water, even in summer time, if not very thirsty. In fact, great habitual thirst in summer is the sign of a depraved appetite, resulting from bad habits; or it is a proof of internal fever; and the indulgence of even so simple a thing as drinking cold water largely in summer time, especially in the early part of the day, will produce a disordered condition of the system. Most persons have experienced more or less discomfort from drinking largely of cold water. If we drink a great deal, we must perspire a great deal; this perspiration induces a greater evaporation of heat from the surface than some have to spare; the result is a chill, then comes the reaction of fever. Many a person arises from the dinner or tea-table, in June, chilly, because too much cold fluids have been taken. Those who drink little or nothing, even of cold water, in summer, till the afternoon, will be more vigorous, more full of health, and much more free from bodily discomfort, than those who place no restraint on their potations.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

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☞ "Who is the author of those pretty verses?" said one at a soiree, lately. "Ida Clare," replied the lady. "I declare!" retorted the querist. The joke was too easy to be very excellent; but then it was just as good as one of Charles Lamb's, that made great laughter in London, once on a time. "What are you going to call your daughter?" he said to Barry Cornwall. "Adelaide," said Barry. "Good," said Lamb—"*Addlehead* is good—very appropriate."

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☞ A gentleman said to one of his sons, who used to stay in bed late in the morning: "Your brother got up this morning at five o'clock, and found on the sidewalk a purse of gold." "Very well," replied the lazy young man, "if the poor fellow to whom it belongs had remained in till ten, he probably would not have lost it."

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☞ AN INGENIOUS QUESTION.—"Ma, has aunty got bees in her mouth?"

"No; why do you ask such a question?"

"Cause, that beetle man with a heap o' hair on his face, cotch'd hold of her, and said he was going to take the honey from her lips; and she said, 'well, make haste!'"

# Agricultural.

## HARRIET MARTINEAU ON AMERICAN AGRICULTURE.

In the year 1835, Miss Martineau made a tour of observation in this country, and on her return home published a couple of very interesting volumes, embodying her views upon American society, and commenting with a good deal of sagacity upon *our agriculture*. Upon the subject of the thorough tillage of England, and the slovenly of America—a subject lately much discussed—she makes the following sensible remarks:—

"English farmers settling in the United States used to be a joke to their native neighbors. The Englishman began with laughing, or being shocked, at the slovenly methods of cultivation employed by the American settlers; he was next seen to look grave on his own account, and ended by following the American plan.

"The American ploughs round the stumps of the trees he has felled, and is not very careful to measure the area he ploughs and the seed he sows. The Englishman clears half the quantity of land—clears it very thoroughly—ploughs deep, sows thick, raises twice the quantity of grain on half the area of land, and points proudly to his crop. But the American has, meantime, fenced, cleared, and sown more land, improved his house and stock, and kept his money in his pocket. The Englishman has paid for the labor bestowed on his beautiful field is more than his fine crop repays him. Then he has done thus for a few seasons, till his money has gone, he learns that he has got to a place where it answers to spend land and to save labor; the reverse of his experience in England; and he soon becomes as slovenly a farmer as the American, and begins immediately to grow rich."

This is all very natural to expect, as the Englishman and the American are as near alike as two eggs, (as Shakspeare would say,) their different positions in their different countries or the shadow of their institutions only making the apparent dissimilarity. But while Miss Martineau knows the American farmer recognizes the high comparative price of labor in this country, she cannot account for his opposing immigration so strenuously as he does, when the tendency of this is to make labor cheaper. But perhaps this is the result of mistaken political considerations. Respecting the close cultivation of the soil, this is a subject which no theorizing or lecturing will influence, but will come as a necessity with the increase of population and the dearness of land. The American farmer, where land is cheap and rising, always wants more than he can cultivate, as a reserve for speculation. Hence Miss M. observes:

"The pride and delight of Americans is their quantity of land. I do not remember meeting with one to whom it had occurred that they had too much. I saw a gentleman strike his fist on the table in agony at the country's being so '*confoundedly prosperous!*' * * * * Land was spoken of as the unfailing resource against over-manufacture; the great wealth of the nation; the grand security of every man in it."

"The possession of land," she observes, "is the aim of all action, generally speaking, and the cure for all social evils among men in the United States. If a man is disappointed in politics or love, he goes and buys land. If he disgraces himself, he betakes himself to a lot in the West. If the demand for any article in manufacture slackens, the operatives drop into the unsettled lands. If a citizen's neighbors rise above him in the towns, he betakes himself where he can be monarch of all he surveys. An artisan works that he may die on land of his own. He is frugal, that he may enable his son to be a landowner. Farmers' daughters go into factories that they may clear off the mortgage from their father's farms; that they may be independent landowners again."

Miss M. speaks favorably of this, and remarks that "it falls out well for the old world in prospect of the time when the new world must be its granary."

Both of the great political parties, she observes are proud of their lands, but the Democratic party were wont to say that the United States were intended to be an agricultural country. "It seems to me they are intended to be everything."

In Massachusetts, and, in fact, in most, if not all the New England states, the authoress supposed agriculture to be on the decline—or in other words supplanted by manufactures, for which she thinks it best fitted; and in this connection she alludes to many farmers dividing their time with other pursuits—fishing and shoemaking, for instance.—*N. Y. Farmer.*

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## HINTS FOR HARVEST.

When farmers are harvesting their wheat, oats, and hay, they ought to have their eyes wide open to any success or defect in their crops, and to make complete notes of their locality, and the causes, so that they can be acted upon or prevented another year. The following hints in regard to observations may be of advantage to our readers:

1. In cutting wheat, on a variety of soils, observe very particularly what is the precise character of the land where it is best, and where it is poorest. This will assist greatly in selecting a wheat field, in which the soil is adapted to the plant. Many farmers do a great deal of work that amounts to nothing, by sowing grain where, from the nature of the soil, it will not thrive. Observation at harvest will often show where wheat can be sown with the expectation of a crop, and where it cannot. So of other grains.

2. Observe how the mechanical preparation of the ground on similar soils affects the crop. Its mechanical condition often determines the amount of yield on soils nearly alike. To know the best mode of preparing it mechanically, is worth as much to the farmer as it is to the mariner to know where to steer his vessel.

3. Observe how the time of year, in preparing the soil, affects the yield on soils alike and unlike.

4. Observe what was the effect of early and late sowings, and if any particular season of getting in grain, where the culture is good, always, or nearly always fails, as very late sowing usually does, resolve this year not to sow at that time. If the chances are ten to one that sowing at a certain season meets with failure, better not run the risk.

5. Notice particularly what was the effect of manuring thoroughly, scantily, and none at all; on all kinds of soil, and with all kinds of culture; at the time of sowing, ploughing, or with a previous crop; ploughing the manure in, or scattering it on the surface; with crude manure, well-rotted manure, that which has been housed, composted with muck, and that from different animals, or the same animals differently fed. We know too little of the true philosophy of manures, or preparing them, and observations carefully made will be very serviceable.

6. Notice the effect of under-draining, and just how well it has paid, and especially how large a share of *your* crop has been injured or prevented from being a good one, for want of under-drains.

7. Observe which kinds of grains or grasses yield the best on particular soils, or with particular kinds of culture.

8. Notice what advantage you gained or lost by sowing good or bad seed, and figure out, if possible, how much you gained or lost. If pure, plump seed, grown on good soil, gives a better yield than that which is foul and shrivelled, it is better to know how much more profitable it is.

9. Observe the effect of sowing after certain crops, and what advantage or disadvantage was gained by a particular rotation.

10. Observe where the soil is exhausted, so it may be known where to apply the manure.

11. Notice the effects of shade, elevation, exposure, inclination of the surface, etc.

12. Observe how much you are annoyed, in harvesting, by stones, stumps, weeds, and inequalities of surface; and if you do not wish to be bothered so next year, apply the remedy.

Carefully note the causes of success or failure in all you have done, and resolve to profit by it. Farmers ought to be real philosophers, so far as their business is concerned; ought to know how to take advantage of the laws of nature, which are ever working for them, and know what will bring success or failure. The great book of nature is before them; if they would but learn to read it aright, they would lay the foundation for a system of agriculture, such as the world has never yet known. *Observe*—OBSERVE.—*Ohio Farmer.*

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HOW DID THE OSAGE ORANGE OR MACLURA GET ITS NAME?—*Answer.*—It was first transplanted into our gardens, from a village of the Osage tribe of Indians, in (we think) Arkansas; hence the common name of *Osage* orange. It was afterwards named by Lewis & Clarke, the Maclura, in honor of William B. Maclure, then President of the American Academy of Natural Sciences.

# Useful Receipts.

RASPBERRIES.—These may be preserved wet, bottled, or made jam or marmalade of, the same as strawberries. Raspberries are very good dried in the sun or in a warm oven. They are very delicious stewed for table or tarts.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Weigh the fruit, and add three-quarters of the weight of sugar; put the former into a preserving pan, boil, and break it; stir constantly, and let it boil very quickly; when the juice has boiled an hour, add the sugar and simmer half an hour. In this way, the jam is superior in color and flavor to that which is made by putting the sugar in at first.

RASPBERRY WINE.—Bruise the finest ripe raspberries with the back of a spoon; strain them through a flannel bag into a stone jar; allow one pound of fine powdered loaf sugar to one quart of juice; stir these well together, and cover the jar closely; let it stand three days, stirring the mixture up every day; then pour off the clear liquid, and put two quarts of sherry to each quart of juice or liquid. Bottle it off, and it will be fit for use in a fortnight. By adding Cognac brandy, instead of sherry, the mixture will be raspberry brandy.

RASPBERRY CREAM.—Rub a quart of raspberries, or raspberry jam, through a hair sieve, to take out the seeds, and then mix it well with cream; sweeten with sugar to taste; put into a stone jug, and raise a froth with a chocolate mill; as your froth rises, take it off with a spoon, and lay it upon a hair sieve. When you have got as much froth as you want, put what cream remains into a deep china dish or punch bowl, and pour your frothed cream upon it, as high as it will lie on.

INSECTS ON TREES.—Chloride of lime has recently been employed by Professor E. Kopff for horticultural purposes. Plants sprinkled with a weak solution are preserved from the ravages of insects. Fruit trees may be protected from vermin by forming the chloride into a paste, and applying a narrow circle or ring of it upon the trunk of the tree.

CHOWDER FOR TEN OR TWELVE.—Take of salt pork cut in thin slices, as much as will make half a pint of fat, when tried, which will do for two good sized cod or haddock. Be careful not to burn the fat. First, put your fat in the pot. Secondly, cut your fish in as large pieces as will go into the pot; then put a layer of fish on the fat; pepper, salt and a few cloves, then a layer of the slices of pork, strewed over with onions cut fine; then a layer of shipbread or hard crackers dipped in water; then your thickening. Go on again with fish, &c., &c., as above, till your pot is nearly full, then put in water until you can just see it, and let it stew slowly, so as not to break the fish. After coming to a boil, it will be done in twenty-five or thirty minutes. N. B.—Some like potatoes cut in slices, which may be introduced between each layer.

# The Riddler.

## AMERICAN ENIGMA.....GEOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 93 letters.

My 1, 11, 93, 22, 27, is one of the United States.
My 2, 7, 37, 89, 79, 62, is an American General.
My 40, 3, 45, 69, 4, 58, 10, 67, 81, 88, 34, 29, is one of the United States.
My 17, 15, 57, 5, 13, 45, is a county of Ohio.
My 55, 66, 21, 28, 68, 6, 91, 12, 73, is a county of Ohio.
My 86, 36, 26, 8, 51, 73, 92, 81, is one of the United States.
My 9, 19, 25, 33, 42, 47, is a county in Ohio.
My 5, 16, 20, 37, 63, 12, 42, a battle of the Revolution.
My 13, 33, 90, 39, 31, 1, 49, is a county of Ohio.
My 46, 14, 76, 82, 87, 50, 70, 34, 46, 56, 23, is one of the United States.
My 75, 23, 81, 74, is a territory.
My 24, 81, 30, 38, 51, 88, is a county of Ohio.
My 32, 61, 78, 29, 82, is a county of Ohio.
My 35, 60, 65, 84, is a county of Ohio.
My 40, 26, 72, 83, 41, 44, is a river of North Carolina.
My 64, 56, 43, 53, is a county of North Carolina.
My 48, 81, 52, 71, is a county of Florida.
My 50, 22, 77, 30, 14, is a county of Louisiana.
My 59, 61, 76, 54, 90, is a bay on the coast of North America.

My whole is one of the greatest events of the world's history.

*Cincinnati.* CORA B. LEIGH.

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### RIDDLE.

Catch me, who can; I'm often sought,
I'm oft refused, I'm often bought.
I say farewell, I greet return,
I quench the fire when passions burn.
By Holy Writ I am approved,
When man, to love his kind, is moved.
The infant learns my use, and smiles
When I approve its wisning wiles.
The child in me has his reward,
For duty done, or mind well stored.
When lovers meet in holy love,
I seal the union formed above.
I knit the mother to her babe,
I note the parting death has made.
When weary man lies down to die,
His home afar, no kindred nigh,
Uncheered by me, his longing eye
Seeks home and kindred in the sky.

*Brooklyn, N. Y.* MINNA.

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### CHARADE.

My first you will find
In the clear vaulted sky;
In the deep roaring ocean—
The maid's sparkling eye.

In town or in village,
My second you'll hear;
It oft tends to sadden,
And sometimes to cheer.

My whole you'll discover
In garden or field;
It pleases the eye,
But small fragrance will yield.

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### PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the greatest possible number of hills of corn that can be planted on a square acre of ground, the hills to occupy a mathematical point, and no two hills to be within 3½ feet of each other? S. W. W.

*Bridgeville, Ohio.*

☞ An answer is requested.

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### RHOMBOIDICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Charles owns a certain tract of land, in the shape and form of a parallelogram whose angles are not right angles, containing 248 acres and 64 perches neat measure within its four corners, A, B, C and D. If a perpendicular is let fall from the first corner (or A) to the line between the third and fourth corners (C and D), it will meet said line at a right angle 49 perches from its middle, or half-way distance, out towards the fourth corner (or D), and if a perpendicular is raised from the third corner (or C) to the line between the first and second corners (A and B), it will meet this line at a right angle 66 perches from its middle, or half-way distance, out towards the second corner (or B). From these given data it is required to find the length of each of the four lines of the whole tract?

AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

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### CONUNDRUMS.

☞ What philosopher was eminently adapted to the discussion of the properties of heat? Ans.—Boyle (boil).

☞ An humble but pretty class of plants, taken with a modest but useful domestic animal, makes the name of a large city abroad. What is it? Ans.—Moscow (moss and cow).

☞ What English writer was like a race-horse? Ans.—Swift.

☞ When is a window like a star? Ans.—When it is a skylight.

☞ Why are indolent persons' beds too short for them? Ans.—Because they are too long in them.

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### ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN OUR LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.—Brigadier-General Ambrose Everett Burnside. REBUS.—E. Ellsworth. (Erie, Erie, Liberia, Loire, Sardinia, Wisconsin, Oahu, Romania, Tampa, Himalayal.) CHARADE.—Sun-rise. CHARADE.—Glance. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—43-9116.

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☞ GAS AS A MOTIVE POWER.—Mr. Meschin, barrister, of the Inner Temple, has presented a paper to the Society of Arts, in which he shows that the adoption of gas as a new projectile and motive force would be attended with great advantages. The gas, evolved from water, is readily formed, and is most economical and effective.

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☞ ENVY.—Envy is the most inexcusable of all passions. Every other sin has some pleasure annexed to it, or will admit of an excuse; envy alone wants both. Other sins last but for a while; the appetite may be satisfied; anger remits; hatred has an end: but envy never ceases.